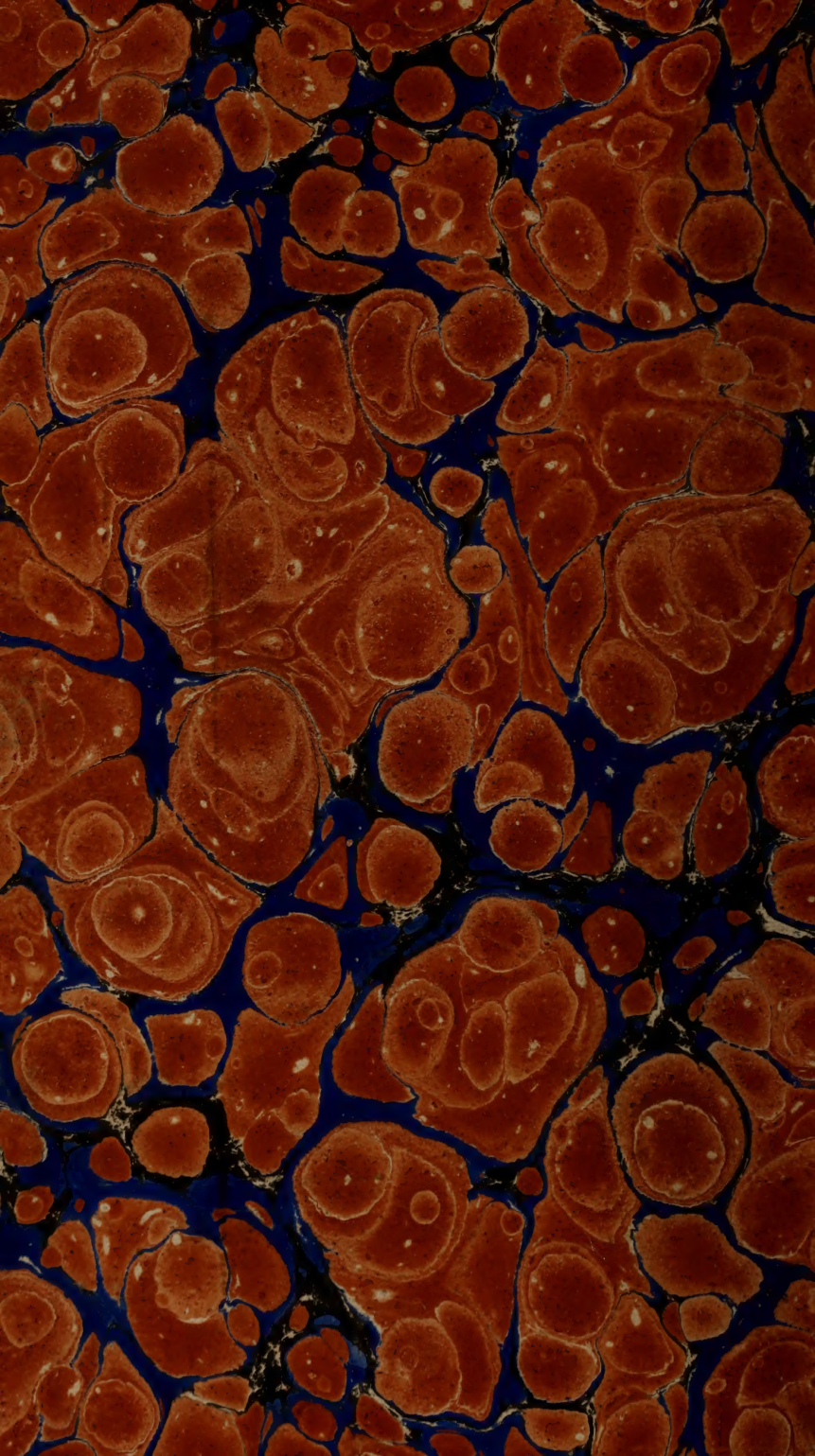

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from E. Bates. 1882.

To Sir T. A. Gore. Ruseley. Leeds/83.

To John Green Esqr

from J. W. Shaw

March 1852

ODYSSEA
ILIAD
ENEIDE

CALLIOPE

Or

ENGLISH HARMONY

A Collection

of the most Celebrated English, and Scots Songs Neatly Engrav'd, and Embelish'd with Designs adapted to the Subject of each Song taken from the Compositions of the Best Masters, in the most Correct Manner with the thorough Bass and Transpositions for the Flute proper for all Teachers, Scholars, and Lovers of Musick: Printed on a fine Paper on each Side which renders the Undertaking more compleat than any thing of the kind ever Publish'd.

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NB. All sorts of Prints Fraund and Glass'd in the Best manner.

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Hen. Roberts fecit 1738.

A New Song: the Musick by Mr. John Hudson

Love once was my Joy and my Pleasure, but ne'er shall be so a--gain If the

fair one had been constant I had ever faithful prov'd; Thus chearfully

with my darling liv'd Innocent and lov'd. When I call to mind her

Charms so Endearing ever pleasing they prompt afresh to love's alarms.

Love once was my Joy & my pleasure, but ne'er shall be so a--gain

Flute

The Diffident Lover

Set by Mr. Howard

When Clo--e was by Damon seen what heart could be unmov'd She

look'd so like the Cyprian Queen he gaz'd admir'd and lov'd he lov'd alas but

lov'd in vain, & full of Grief and Care He knew he never could obtain the

lov'ly charming fair, the lov----ly Charming fair.

Cloe deserv'd a better Swain,
He not so fair a Bride;
Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
He lov'd despair'd and dy'd:
Take pity then thou charming Maid,
For Cloe's case is thine,
I dare not ask, so much I dread,
Must Damon's fate be mine.

Flute

The Departure

set to Musick by Dr. Green

She. tender.

Hence thou Deceiver never Ah! never wilt thou return to thy Chloe a---gain

Grown in your leisure fond of new Pleasure some fairer Rival will laugh at my Pain

He

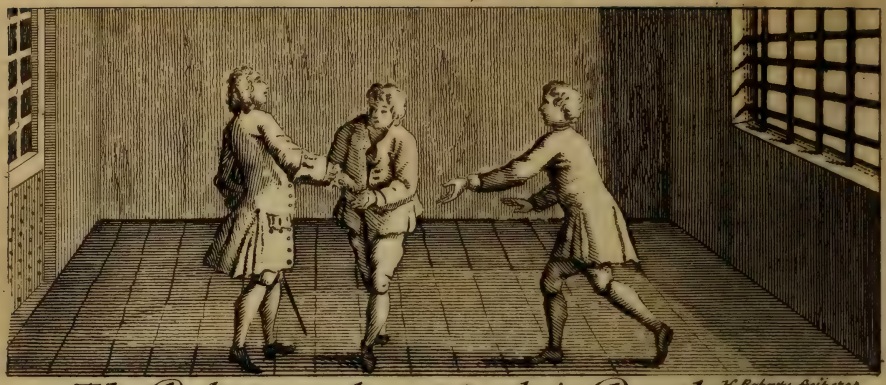
Dry up those Showers sweeter than Flowers; looks in y. fountain & see thy self there

Where is the Creature, throughout all Nature half so engaging so sweet & so fair.

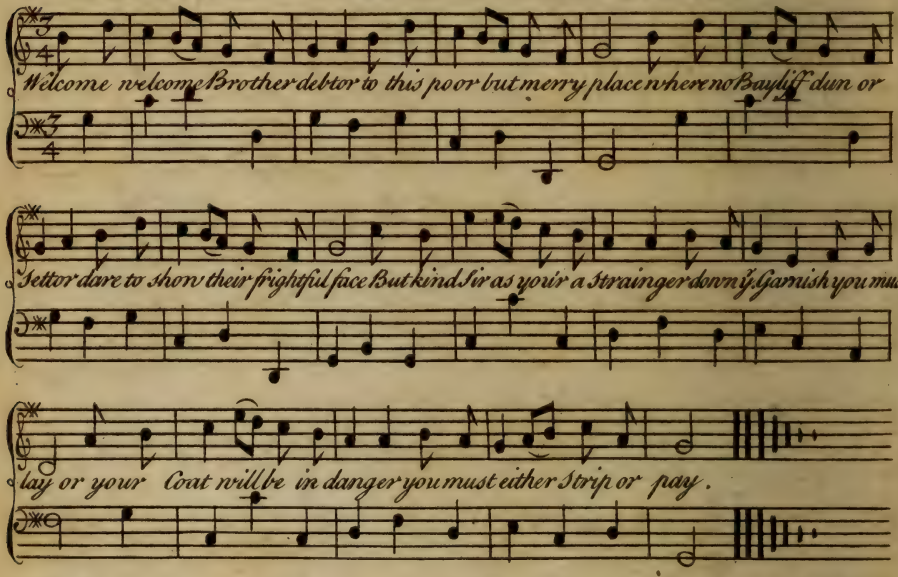
She. Go – you'll deceive me —
No – I'll believe thee —
Lean on my Breast, & thy Constancy swear
Should you deceive me,
Or ever leave me,
Chloe would languish & die with Despair.

He. My sweetest Treasure,
Every Pleasure,
Every Charm in my Chloe I find
And all the Graces
Of newest Faces
Call but my Chloe back into my Mind

Flute



The Debtors welcome to their Brother H. Roberts fecit 1739

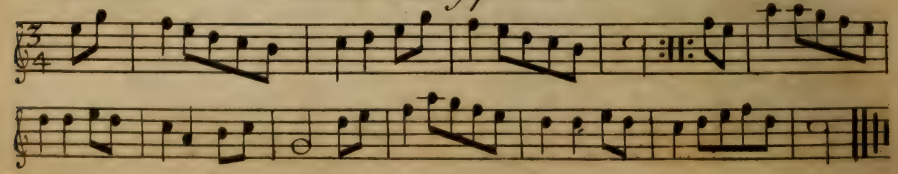

Welcome welcome Brother debtor to this poor but merry place where no Bayliff dun or
Settor dare to show their frightful face But kind Sir as you're a Straingerdown ye Garnish you must
lay or your Coat will be in danger you must either Strip or pay.

Ne'er Repine at your Confinement
From your Children or your Wife.
Wisdom lies in true Resinement
Through the Various scen's of Life
Scorn to shew the least Resentment
Though beneath the frowns of fate
Knaves & Beggers find Contentment
Fears and cares attend the Great.

Though our Creditor's are spightful
And restrain our Body's here
Use will make a Goal delightful
Since there's nothing Else to fear
Ev'ry Land's but a Prison
Strongly guarded by the Sea
Kings and Princes for that Reason
Prisoners are as well as we.

What was it made Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate
'Twas because he cou'd not Wander
Beyond the World's strong Prison gate
For the world is also bounded
By the Heavens and Stars above
Why should we then be confounded
Since ther's nothing free but Love

FLUTE



H. Roberts fecit 1730

The Advice

Set by Galliard

The Lass that would know how to manage a Man let her listen and learn it from
me: His Courage to quail or his Heart to trepan As the time and Oc-
cations a--gree a-gree as the Time and Occasions a---gree.

The Girl that has Beautry tho' small be her Wit,
May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit
By the use of that pretty Word--No.
When the Powder'd Toupees in crouds round her Chat,
Each striving his Passion to show;
With-kiss, me & love me my dear, and all that,
Let her answer be still no, no, no.
When a dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue a sleep,
A Present a Treat or a Ball;
She still must refuse, if her empire she'd keep,
And no, be her answer to all.
But when master Dapperwit offers his hand,
H'er Partner in Wedlock to go;
A house, and a Coach and a Join ture in Land
She's an Ideot, if then she says no.
Whene'er she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,
Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
When prest'd to his Bosom & clasp'd in his Arms,
Then let her say No, if she can.

Flute

Going out in the Morning

Hark away 'tis the merry ton'd horn calls the hunters all up with y^e morn; to y^e hall & y^e Woodlands we

steer to unharbour y^e out-lying Deer. And all the day long this this is our Song, still

hollowing & following so frolic and free. Our Joys know no bounds while we're

after the Hounds no mortals on Earth are so Jolly as we —

Round the Woods when we beat how we glow
While the hill they all Ecchо Holo; —
With a Bounce from his cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies:
(Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

When we Sweep o'er y^e Valleys or climb,
Up y^e health breathing Mountain sublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who taste can reveal
(Chorus) And all the Day long &c.

Flute

Chloe

set by Dr. Green

Tender

In vain the force of Female Arms, In vain their offer'd Love: Their

Smile, their Air nor all their Charms, my passion can remove For all that's fair &

Good I find in Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind, In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Let Celia all her Wit display,
That glitters while it kills:
My heart disdains the feeble ray,
Nor light, nor heat it feels;
For all that's bright and gay, I find
S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Fair Flavia shines in Gems and Gold,
And uses all her Arts;
Not richest Chains my heart can hold,
Unpierc'd by Diamond darts:
For all that's rich and fair I find
S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

Those Notes, sweet Myra, now give o'er,
That once had Pow'r to wound;
When Chloe speaks they are no more,
But mix with common Sound;
All Grace, all harmony I find
S: In Chloe's form, in Chloe's Mind.

FLUTE

H. Roberts fecit 1739.

Beſsy Bell

O Beſsy Bell & Mary Gray they are twa bonny laſses they Bigg'd a Bow'r on

yon burnbrae & theek'd it o'er wi Rashes. Fair Beſsy Bell I lo'ed yes treen & though I

néer could altar but Mary Grays twa pawky e'en they gar my fancy falter .

Now Beſsy's hair's like a lint-tap;
She smiles like a May Morning
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, saft is her hand,
Her waste and Feet's fu genty;
With ilka Grace she can command
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the Cran
Her e'en like Diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, redd up & bran,
She kills wheneer she dances:
Blyth as a kid, with Wit at will,
She's blooming tight and tall is;
And Guides her Airs sae graceful still,
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beſsy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco sair oppreſs us;
Our fancies flee betwreen you twa
Ye are sic bonny Laſses;
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

FLUTE

H. Roberts fecit

Allegro.

A Hymn to Venus

set by Mr. Eubley

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he, The Youth who fondly

sits by thee and hears and sees thee all the

while so soft-ly speak and sweetly Smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest
And rais'd such Tumults in my breast
But while I gaz'd in Transports tost
My breath was gone my Voice was lost

My bosom glow'd the subtle Flame
Run quick thro' all my Vital Frame
O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung
My Ears with hollow murmurs rung

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd
My blood with Gentle Horrors thrill'd
My feeble Pulse forgot to play
I fainted sunk and died away.

FLUTE

The too Curious Swain.

Set by Mr. Lampe

On thy fair Banks Oh Medway long, A youth his Sheep had fed
On thy fair Banks his future Care The tender Lambkins stray'd
Happy had fate detain'd at home The simple Youth too fond to roam.

Happy alas's till curious late
He listen'd to the Tale
Near Tunbridge salutary Springs
What beauty's grace the Vale,
Beauty's that make the barren Soil
And craggy Rocks of Tunbridge smile.

He came and Celias dangerous Charms
Beheld with eager gaze
So round a Torches glimmering light
Th'admiring Insect plays
Like that he gaz'd, & in his turn
He saw it shine and felt it burn.

Th'unhappy Youth by Love undone
By late experience found
That Celias scorn deny'd the Cure
Whose Eyes had giv'n the Wound
Helpless & hopeless pin'd away
In tears by Night & Sighs by Day

By Collin's fate be warn'd to view
The fair with cautious Eyes
This Place is Cupid's Empire Seat
And who can shun Surprize
Since few can hope & all must fear
Where Kingsley Mead & Byer appear

Flute

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife

set by Mr. Seedo

Ye Gods ye gave to me a Wife out of your wonted Favour,

To be the comfort of my Life to be the comfort of my life & I was

glad to have her But if your Providence divine for something else de-

sign her. To obey your will at any time to obey your will at any

time I'm ready, sym I'm ready to re--sign her.

Flute

H. Roberts fecit

A Favourite Song in Comus

Pub: accord.g to Act of Parliam.t 1739

Sym. Song

Allegro The

wanton God who peirces hearts dips in Gall his pointed darts but the

Nymph disdains to pine who baths y.e wound with rosy wine rosy wine

rosy wine who baths y.e wound th.s rosy wine Sym.

Farewel Sym. Farewel Lovers when they're cloy'd

if I am scorn'd because enjoy'd sure the squeamish fops are free too rid me

H. Roberts fecit

Publish'd according to Act of Parliament 1739

Set to Musick by M.r Arne

of dull Company sure they're free sure they're free too rid me of dull

Company. Sym

FLUTE

Sym.

Sym

Sym

Sym.

The Request

Set by Dr. Green

Can there be ye Pow'rs above Perfect Happi ness 'tis Love

Can Man know a greater bliss than the sweet & balmy Kiss. Soothing looks each

grateful Smile all that can the heart beguile all that can the heart beguile.

Why so often do I sigh
Pine alone yet know not why
Love has surely vanquish'd me
And makes me own his Deity
Mild as Queen of fond desires
Is the fair my Soul Inspires
Is the fair my Soul Inspires

Wanton Cupids search around
Allarcadia's verdant Ground
Tell the fair for her I sigh
Tell the fair for her I die
Venus Queen of fondest Love
To my wish propitious prove
To my wish propitious prove

God of Love and pleasing Charms
Give the fairest to my arms
You who sighing Lovers aid
Warm with love the lovely maid
Only this I ask of thee
Conquer her as thou hast me
Conquer her as thou hast me

Flute

The Forsaken Lady

Andante

Set by Mr. Lampe

Not this blooming A--pril season can relieve my aching heart

spight of all the force of reason still I act a frantick Part As the

Canker eats the Roses And the springing green destroys, To de

spair my Rest op---po--ses, and con-sumes my riseing Joys

O'r Valley, field and Mountain
Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove
Warbling Bird & sparkling fountain
Minds me of my luckless Love:
When the Cowslip I discover
Springing o'er the Primrose fair;
Thee I sigh | my gentle Lover!
Would have crop't to deck my Hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting
By some bloomy Hawthorn Tree;
All my Sorrows recollecting,
Love I cry resembles Thee;
He all flowery can appear
To conceal his poyson'd dart,
But the Wretch that trusts him near
Grasps a Thorn & wounds the heart.

Flute

H. Roberts fecit

The Carle came o'er the Croft

The Carle he came o'er the Croft and his beard new Shaven glonrid at me as

he'd been daft the Carle trons ij'll hae him Honr tanra I winna hae him no for sooth I'll

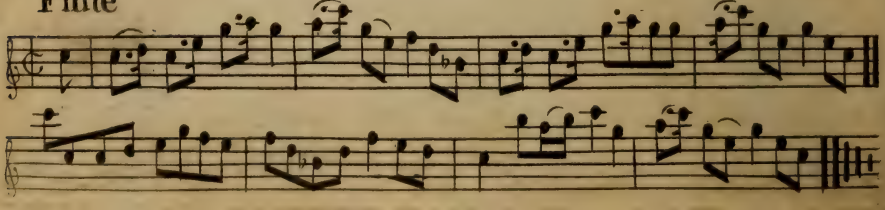
no hae him New hose and new Shoon & his beard new Shaven.

He gae to me a Pair of Shoon,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me dance till they ware done,
The Carle trons that I'll hae him.
Honr tanra, &c.
He gae to me a Pair of Gloves,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me stretch them on my hoofs,
The Carle trons that I'll hae him
Honr tanra, &c.

He gae to me an Ell of Lace,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He bad me wear the Highland dress,
The Carle trons that I'll hae him.
Honr tanra
He gae to me a Harn Sark,
And his Beard new Shaven,
He said he'd kiss me in the dark
For that he trons I'll have him.

Honr tanra I maun hae him,
I forsooth I'll een hae him,
New hose and his new Shoon
And his Beard new Shaven

Flute



Despairing Silvia

set by M^r. Lestrange

Hard Fate to Sigh to sig---h in vain Des--pair--ing

Si-----l--via Cries. De----bar'd the Free--dom

to Com--plain but through a Lov---ers Eyes

And those unguarded ever-speak
Betrayers of my Heart
For Ah! our wiles are all to weak
These to Disguise by Art.

Thus hopeless must I ever Remain
Like Ghost about their Treasure
Till spoke to first ne'er speak again
Still waiting Strephons leisure.

Dear thoughtless man a Stranger to
The Secrets of this Breast
That's his from Inclination true
More Constant than 'tis Blest.

There could he see & Concious know
The Torments of Neglect
They soon would teach him how to show
More Love & less Neglect.

Flute

A Song

set by Mr. Harris

Since Celia's un-kind and my Paſsion disdains, A Bottle a

Bottle and friend shall ease all my Pains thus thus remove from my

Heart that absolute that absolute Fair and with Bumpers of Claret & with

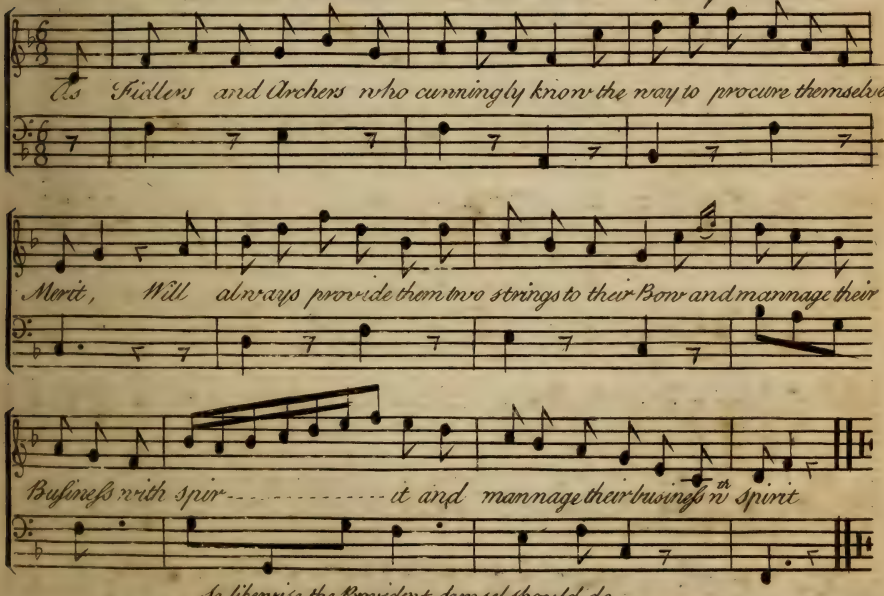
Bumpers of Claret I'll dri ve I'll

dri ve I'll drive away Care.

Flute

The Provident Damsel

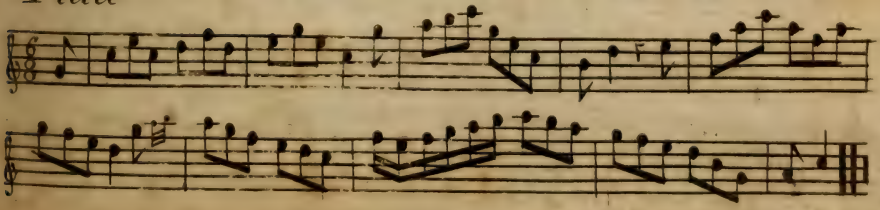
set by Mr. Clarke


As Fidlers and Archers who cunningly know the way to procure themselves
Merit, Will always provide them two strings to their Bow and mannage their
Business with spir---------it and mannage their business with Spirit

So likewise the Provident damsel should do
Who would make the best use of her Beauty
If the mark she would hit, or her Lesson play through
Two lovers must still be on Duty
Two lovers &c.

Thus arm'd against Chance & secure of supply
Thus far our revenge we may carry:
One's spark for our sport we may jilt & set by
And to'ther poor Soul we may Marry
And to'ther &c.

Flute



Sym The Noon tide Air

Andante

Would you taste the noon tide air to yon fragrant bow'r repair where

woven arch the poplar bough's mantling vine will Shelter you the mantling Vine will

Sym Sym

Shelter you Down each side a fountain flows twinkling

Sym

murmuring as it goes lightly o'er the Mossy ground

lightly o'er the Mossy ground sultry Phœbus scorching round sultry Phœbus scorching round

Set to Musick by Mr. Arne

Round ye languid herds & Sheep strach'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep

while on the hiacinth and rose the fair does all alone repose the fair does all a

lone repose Round the all alone yet in her

Arms your breast may beat to love's alarms till blest & blessing

you shall onn blest & blessing you shall onn ye Joys of love are Joys alone the

Joys of Love are Joys alone ad 3^o Da Capo

The Nightingale

Gently — set by Mr. Carey

While in a Bow'r wh. Beauty blest the lov'd ij. lov'd Amintor lies

while sinking on Lucindas Brest he fondly fondly kiss'd her Eyes

a wakeful Nightingale who long had mourn'd had mourn'd within the shade

sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song, & war - - - - - - - - bled through the Glade.

Melodious Songstress cry'd the Swain
To shades to shades less happy go
Or if thou wilt with us remain
Forbear forbear thy tuneful Woe
While in Lucinda's Arms I lie
To song to song I am not free
Or her soft bosom while I die
I dis - - - cord find in thee

Flute

A Favourite Song in Coriolanus

tr

Charmer hear your faithful Lover nor dis--dain to admit his Flame

Cease to slight your scorn give over constant e---ver

I'll remain Charms surround those lovely features

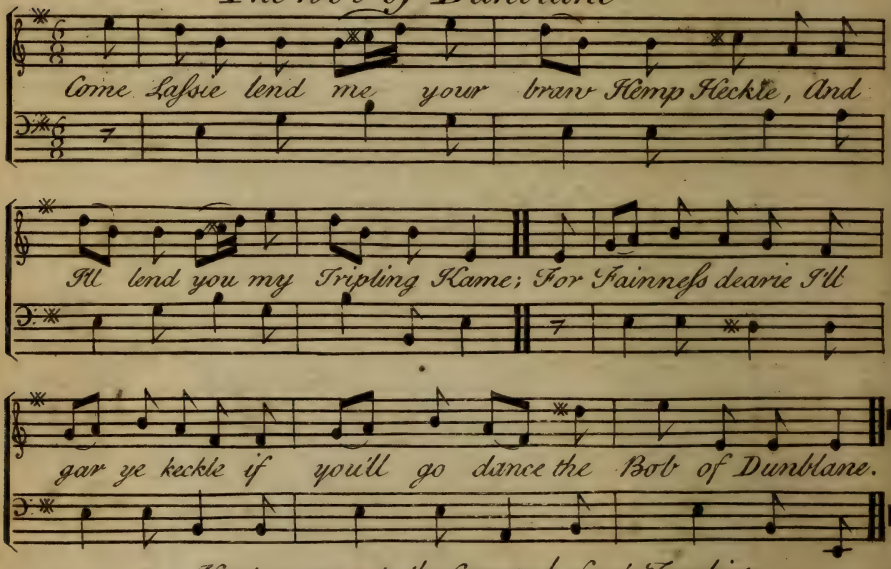
tender pit--ty grant your Slave turn and be so

kind a Creature haste and heal the wounds you gave

Flute

tr

The Bob of Dunblane

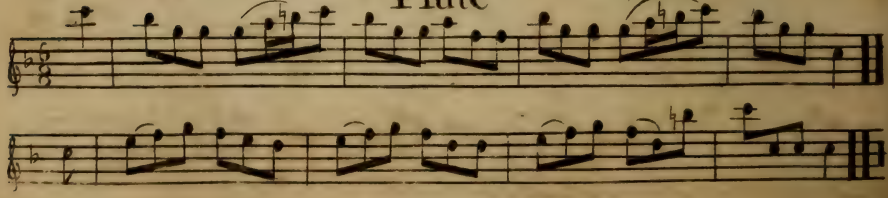

Come Lassie lend me your brave Hemp Heckle, And
I'll lend you my Tripling Kame; For Fainness dearie I'll
gar ye keckle if you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

Hast ye gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies
Busk ye brave and dinna think Shame;
Consider in Time if leading of Monkies,
Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank my Lassie left I grow fickle
And tak my Word & offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it Mickle,
Ye did na accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The Dinner the Piper & Priest shall be ready
And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane
Anray then leave bauth Minny & Dady
And try with me the Bob of Dunblane

Flute



Orpheus and Euridice

Set by Mr Boyce

When Orpheus went down to the Regions below which Men are forbidden to See He

hunid up his Lyre as old Historys Shew to Set his Euridice free to Set his Euridice

free All Hell was astonish'd a Person So wise Should rashly endanger his Life and

venture So far but how vast their Surprize when they heard that he came for his

Wife how vast their surprize when they heard that he came for his Wife.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,
Old Pluto had puzzled his Brain;
But Hell had not Torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his Wife back again, he gave him &c.
But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his Heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so well;
He took her again in Reward of his Art,
Such Power has Musick in Hell. In Reward &c.

The Protestation

Set by Mr. Boyce

No more shall Meads be deck'd with Flowers nor Sweetness dwell in Rose-y Bowers nor greenest

Buds in Branches Spring nor Warbling Birds delight to sing nor April Violets Paint the

Grove if I forsake my Celia's Love if I forsake my Celia's Love

The fish shall in the Ocean burn
And Fountains Sweet shall bitter turn
The Humble Vale no Floods shall know
When Floods shall Highest Hills o'er flow
Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave
If ever my Celia I deceive If ever &c.

Love shall his Bow and Shafts lay by
And Venus Doves want Wings to fly
The Sun refuse to Shew his light
And Day be turned into Night
And in that Night no Star appear
If e'er I leave my Celia Dear If e'er &c

FLUTE

The Advice

Prithee foolish Boy Give o'er teaze thy Bosom to torment Prithee sigh and

Whine No more come with me and taste content Love's a Foe of Thine and mine

Let us drown---n the God in Wine Let us drown the God in Wine

Stella's fairer Shape and Eyes
Charms too Lovely to Behold
Let us seek to Crown our Joys
Where the Best Champaign is Sold
Love's a foe &c

Leave the Silly gaudy train
And believe me when I say
All the Joys they give are vain
Leave them then and come away
Love's a foe &c

For the Flute.

The Toper's Request.

Set by Mr Galliard

Kind God of Sleep since it must be that we re-sign some hours to thee

Invade me not when if full Bowl Glows in my Cheeks & warms my Soul

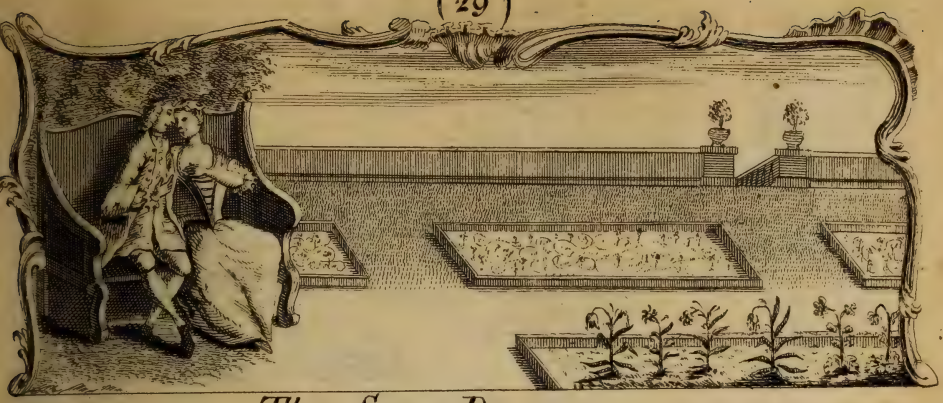
Then only I thy Aid impl-ore When I can laugh and drink no more

Short very Short be then thy Reign I haste to laugh and drink again

But Oh if melting in my Arms,
the Nymph adorn'd with all her Charms;
In pleasing Dreams Should me Surprize,
And grant what waking She denys:

Then prithee gentle Slumber Stay
And slow and slowly bring the day
If Fancy can Such Bliss bestow
Who would not be deluded so.

Flute



The Snow Drop.

Allegro. Set by Dr Green

With Head reclin'd the Snow Drop See the first of Flora's Pro---ge-

nie In Virgin Modes---ty appear to hail and welcome in the Year

Fearless of Winter it defies the Ri gour of inclement Skies, &

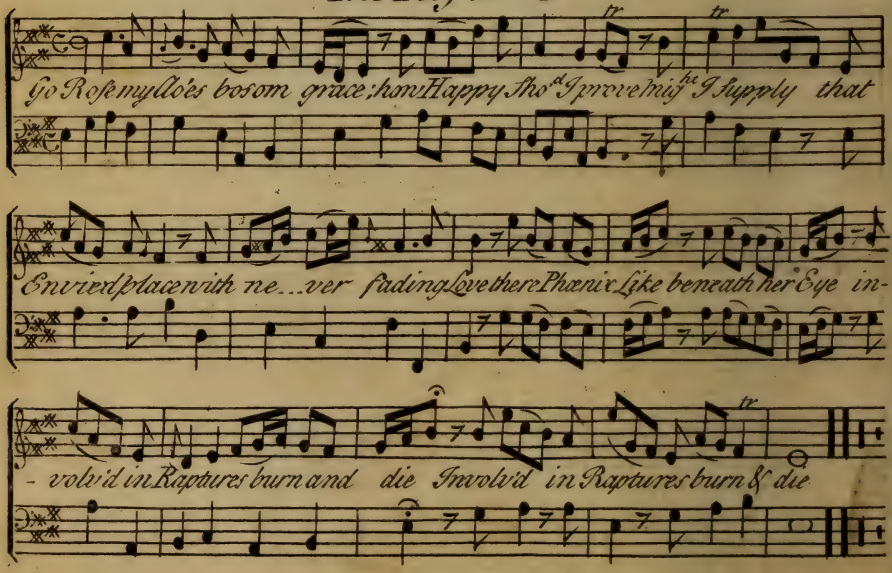
early hastens forth to bring y Tidings of the approaching Spring

Tho humble in its dress and plain
It wshers in a beauteous Train
And claims how gaudy e'er they be
The Merit of Precedency

All that or gay or sweet discloses
The Pink the Tulip or the Rose
In fair Succession as they blow
Their Glories to the Snow Drop owe

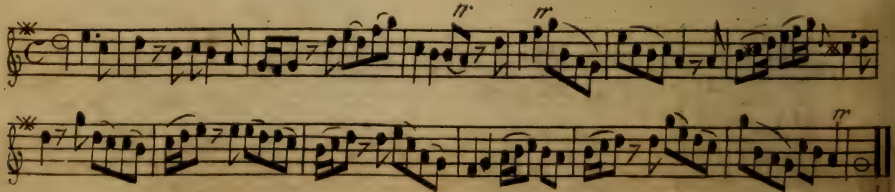
Flute

The Rose


Go Rose my Lloe's bosom grace; thou Happy tho^d I prove mis^t I Supply that
Envied place with ne...ver fading Love there Phœnix Like beneath her Eye in-
- volv'd in Raptures burn and die Involv'd in Raptures burn & die

Know happyless Flower that thou Shall find
More fragrant Roses there ——
I See thy With'ring head reclin'd
With Envy and dispair ——
One Common fate we both must Prove
You die with Envy, I with Love

FLUTE



The Lovers Lesson

Set by Mr. Prelleur

Damon if thou will't believe me Tis not Sighing tis not Sighing

o'er the Plain. Tears and Sonnets Can't relieve thee Faint At-

-tempts in Love are vain faint Attempts in Love are vain

2

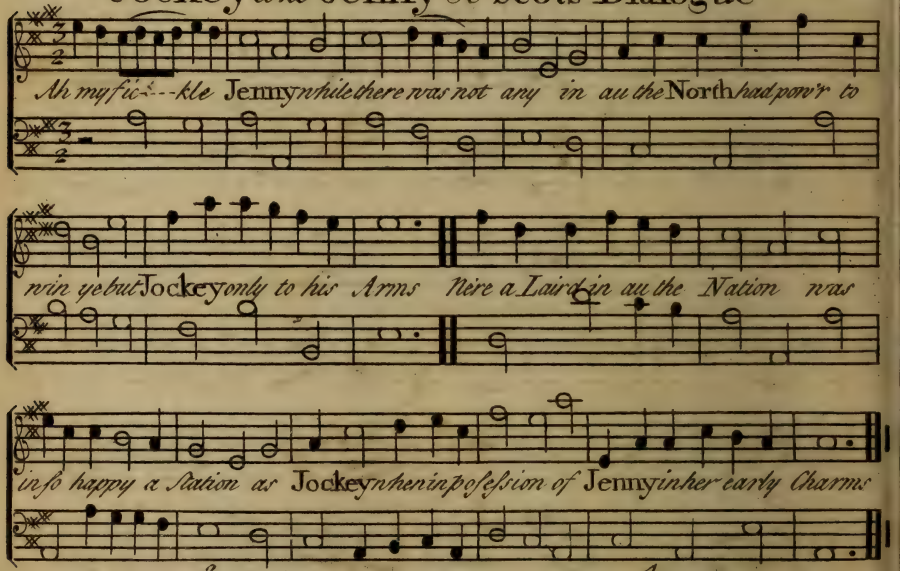
Urge but home the fair Occasion,
And be Master of the Feild:
To a resolute Invasion,
Tis a Madnes not to yield.

3

Love gives out a Large Commission
Still indulgent to the brave
But one Sin of base Omission
Love nor Woman yet forgave

Flute

Jockey *and* Jenny *A* Scots Dialogue


Ah my fic--kle Jenny while there was not any in all the North had pow'r to
win ye but Jockey only to his Arms Neire a Laird in all the Nation was
in so happy a Station as Jockey when in possession of Jenny in her early Charms

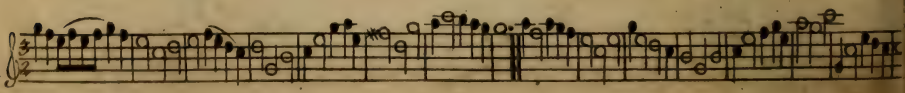
Jenny) *Had you still addrest me,*
As eance you carst me,
Nean other Lad had e're possest me,
But thine alean I now had been:
Had I only been in vogue w' ye,
And had you let none else collogue ye,
Nor rambled after Kathern Oggie,
I'd sped as weel as ony Queen.

Jockey) *Moggy of Dumferling,*
Is now my only Darling,
Who sings as sweet as any Starling,
And dances with a bonny Aire;
Moggy is so kind and tender
If fate was ready now to end her
Could I but from the stroke defend her;
I'd dye, if he wad Moggy spare.

Jenny) *Sawny me Caresses,*
Whose Bagpipe so pleases,
That never my poor Heart at ease is,
But when we're together beath.
I'd so heartily befriend him,
If Fate was ready now to end him,
Could I but from the Stroke defend him
A thousand times I'd suffer Death

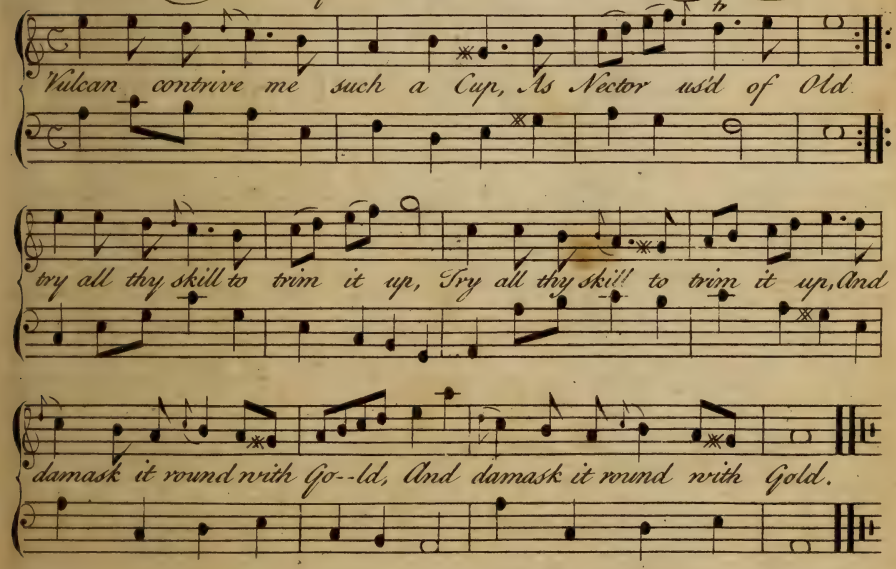
Jockey) *Come let's leave this fooling,*
My Heart ne're was cooling,
Nean e're but Jenny there was ruling
But thus our Hearts we fondly try.
Jenny) *To thy Arms if thou restore me,*
Should all the Lairds ith' lond adore me,
Nay our Gued King himsel send for me
With thee alean I'd live and Dye.

Flute



An Addreſs to Vulcan.

Set by Mr. Fisher Tench.


Vulcan contrive me such a Cup, As Nectar usld of Old
try all thy skill to trim it up, Try all thy skill to trim it up, And
damask it round with Go--ld, And damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, when fill'd with Punch,
Up to the Swelling Brim;
Vast toasts on the Delicious Lake, Vast &c.
(Like Ships at Sea) may swim, Like &c.

Carve me thereon a Curling Vine,
And add two lovely Boys;
Whose Limbs in am'rous folds entwine, &c.
The Types of future Joys &c.

Cupid and Bacchus my Gods are,
May Love & Wine Still reign;
With wine I wash away my Care
And then to my Love again

Flute

By Dimpld Brook

By dimpl'd br: ook & fountain brim the wood nymphs deck'd with daisies trim th: merry Wakes &

Pastimes keep wth: has night to do with sleep th: has night to do with sleep

Night has better sweets to prove Venus now wakes & wakens love

Come let us our rights begin 'tis on--ly daylight that makes

sin 'tis on-ly daylight that makes sin

The Circling Glass

Tempo di Gavotta

pia

By the gayly cir--cling Glass we can see how minutes pass by the hollow Cask are told,
how the waining night grows old how the waining Night grows old

Soon too soon the busy day drives us from our sports away What have wee with day to do sons of care 'twas made for you sons of care 'twas made for you.

Lovely Nancy

There never was nor e'er will be another such a Charming She so

form'd to please the Fancy another with such tempting grace such

sparkling eyes & blooming face as has the lovely Nancy.

Her shape so rare & breast so white,
Give admiration and Delight,
And at first sight entrance ye,
Her taper leg & tempting thigh,
Do all comparison defie,
For such alone has Nancy.

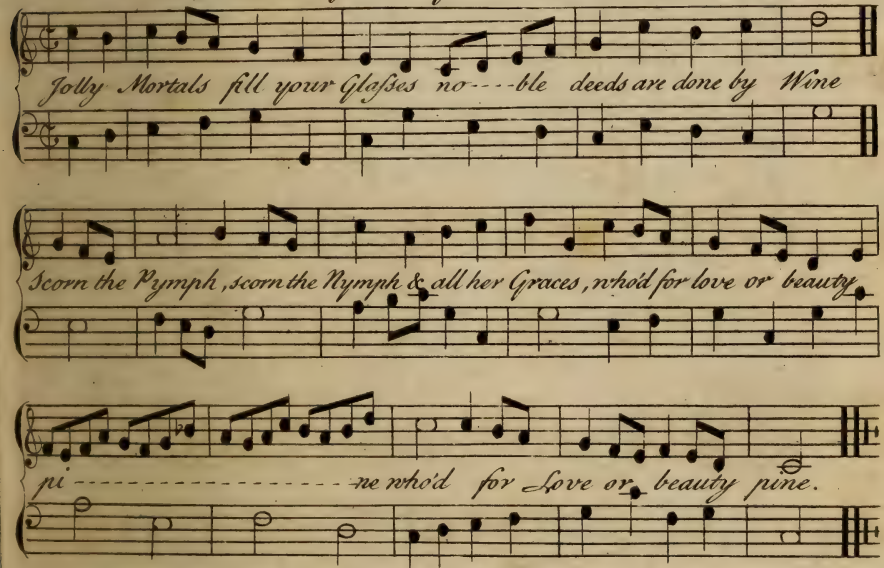
3

No borrow'd charms the fair one needs,
In vain for her the Ruby bleeds,
Or diamond starrs you can see,
Those jewels give but glimring ray,
Compared to the resplendant day,
Shines all around of Nancy

Flute

The Jolly Bachanalians.

set by Mr. Galliard.


Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses no---ble deeds are done by Wine
Scorn the Nymph, scorn the Nymph & all her Graces, who'd for love or beauty
pi----------ne who'd for Love or beauty pine.

2

Look within the Bowl that's flowing
And a thousand Charms you'll find
More than Phillis tho' just going
In the Moment to be kind
In the &c.

3

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at Council board;
He subdu'd the World by drinking,
More than by his Conqu'ring sword,
More &c.

Flute

The Cuckow, a Favourite Song.

Sym

Allegro non troppo

When daisies
When shepherds

pied & Violets blue and Ladies smocks all Silver white & Cuckow buds of yeallow hue do
pipe on Oaten strans & merry lays are Ploughmens Clocks n. Turtles tread & Rooks & Dams &

paint the Meadows n. delight
Maidens bleach their Sum. Smocks

The Cuckow then on every Tree

Mocks marrid Men Mocks marrid men mocks marrid men for thus sings he Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow Cuckow

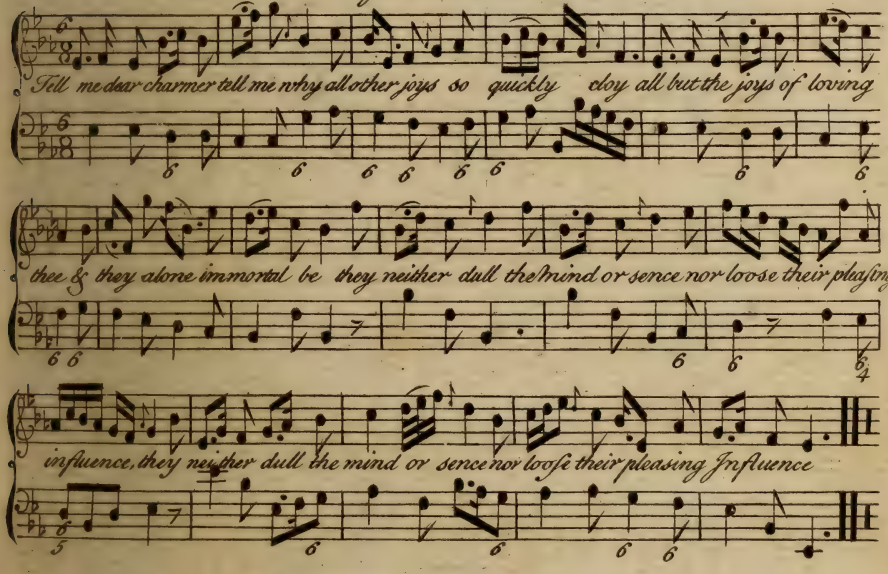
Cuckow Cuckow O word of fear O word of fear unpleasing to a marrid ear unpleasing to a

tr Sym tr tr

marrid ear.

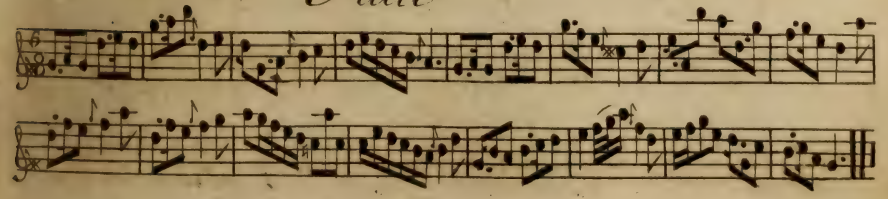
The Inamour'd Swain

Set by Mr Howard


Tell me dear charmer tell me why all other joys so quickly cloy all but the joys of loving
thee & they alone immortal be they neither dull the mind or sence nor loose their pleasing
influence, they neither dull the mind or sence nor loose their pleasing Influence

For ever I with fierce desire,
Could gaze on thee & never tire;
My ravishd ears could all day long,
Taste on the Musick of thy tongue;
And when that fails yet still in you
I something find that's always new.

Flute



The Lass of S.t Osyth.

Set by M.r Howard.

At S.t Osyth by the Mill, there lives a lovely Lass; Oh had I her good
Will! how gayly life would pass. No bold intruding Care my
Bliss should e'er destroy; her Smiles would gild despair, & Brighten ev'ry Joy.

Like Natures rural Scene,
Her artless beauties Charm,
Like them with Joy serene,
Our wishing hearts they warm.
Her wit with sweetness Crown'd
Steals ev'ry Sence away;
The listning Swains around,
Forget the shortning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth & Ease,
Without her tastless are,
She gives them pow'r to please
And makes them worth our Care.
Is there ye Fates a Bliss
Reserv'd my future care,
Indulgent hear my wish,
And grant it all in her.

Flute

The Power of Drinking.

Fly Care to the Winds thus I blow the a way I'll drown thee in

Fly Care to the Winds thus I blow the a way I'll drown the in

Wine if thou dar'st for to stay With bumpers of Claret my spirits I'll

Wine if thou dar'st for to stay with bumpers of Claret my spirits I'll

raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my Days

raise I'll laugh & I'll sing all the rest of my days

God Bacchus this moment adopts me his Son
And inspir'd, my breast glows with transports unknown
The sparkling liquor a new Vigour supplies,
And makes the Nymph kind, who before was too wise

Then dull sober Mortals! be happy as me,
Two bottles of Claret will make us agree
Will open your Eyes to see Phillis's Charms,
And her coyness wash'd down shell fly to your Arms

Flute

The Bee,

Set by Mr. Duncalfe

To suck the flowers sweet a little wanton Bee; The liquid Air did
beat and flew from tree to tree Deceiv'd by flow'ry scent and
eke by flow'ry hue, On Rosy sweets intent, to Delia's Cheek it flew

2

Surpriz'd, the tim'rous Fair,
It's fluttring Pinions prest,
Death arm'd him with despair,
He stung and sunk to rest.
Be still young Thirsis cry'd,
Some Magick words I'll say;
There's nought so sure beside,
Can Charme the Pain away.

3

This said, his lips he laid,
Close to the fair one's face;
Just where the wound was made,
And kiss'd th' envenom'd Place,
He suck'd the fatal Wound,
And drew forth all the smart;
But soon, alas's! he found,
The sting had pierc'd his heart

Flute.

Chloe Weeping

Set by Mr. Lampe

What mean fair Cloe's mournful eyes, those sighs y. heave her breast, oh speak dear
Sure some curst fate in en---vy tries t'invade my fair one's Rest

Nymph declare y. cause of so much anxious Pain; methinks those tears pronounce y. loss of
some dear lovely Swain; methinks those tears pronounce y. loss of some dear lovely Swain

Those blooming Cheeks like Roses dy'd,
Thro' sorrow seem to fade;
Those Eyes the radiant Sun outvi'd
O'ercast a gloomy Shade.
Sooner than they shall close with Grief,
Or Cloe wear the Willow,
Kind Cupid send us both Relief,
And bless me on her Pillow.

Flute

A Favourite Song in Acis and Galethea

Sym

Would you gain the tender Creature soft-ly gently kindly treat her Sym Suffring

is the Lovers part softly Sym gently Sym softly gently kindly treat her suffring is the

lovers part Sym would you gain the tender Creature Sym the

tender creature softly gently kindly treat her softly Sym gently Sym softly gently kindly

treat her suffring is the lovers part Sym Softly Sym gently Sym kindly treat her

Compos'd by M.r Handle

suff'ring is the lovers part sym

Beauty by constraint po-

seßing you enjoy but half the bleßing lifeleß charms without y.r heart lifeleß char.ms without y.r heart

D:C

beauty by constraint poßeßing you enjoy but half y.r bleßing lifeleß Charms without y.r heart

Flute

Song

D:C

A Favourite Song

The Charms th. blooming beauty shews, In fance's heavenly fair, We

to the lil-ly & the Rose, With semblance apt compare, th. semblance apt for Ah! how

soon how so-on they a---ll decay, the Lil-ly dro-ops, the Rose is

gone and beauty fades ava---------y and Beauty fades a way

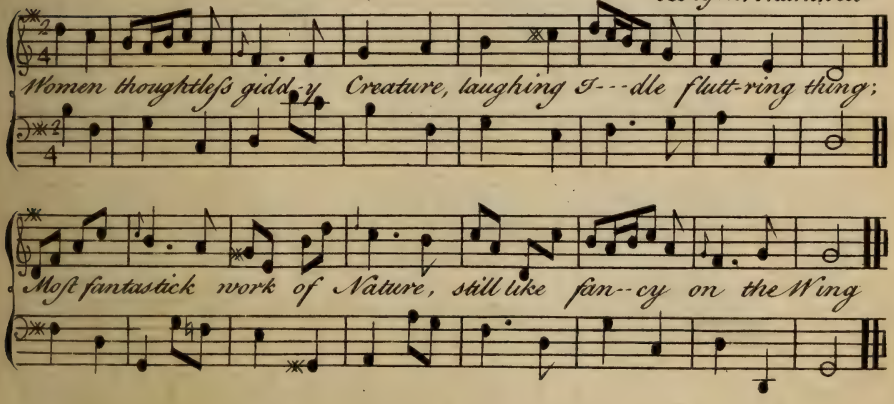
But when bright Virtue stands confest,
With sweet discretion joyn'd;
With mildness calms the peaceful breast
And wisdom guides the mind

When Charms like these conspire,
Thy person to approve,
They kindle generous chaste desire,
And everlasting Love

Flute

The Whining Lover,

set by Mr. Markwell


Women thoughtleſs gidd-y Creature, laughing I---dle flutt-ring thing;
Moſt fantastick work of Nature, still like fan--cy on the Wing

2

Slaves to ev'ry changing Paſsion,
Loving hating in extreem;
Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion,
And at best a pleasing dream.

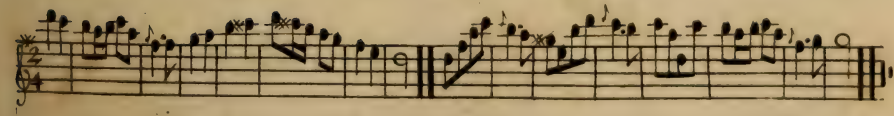
3

Lovely trifle! dear Illusion!
Conqu'ring weakneſs, wish'd for pain;
Man's chief glory and Confusion,
Of all Vanities most vain.

4

Thus deriding beauty's power,
We will call it all a Cheat;
But in leſs than half an hour,
Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's feet.

FLUTE



The Advice.

Set by M.r Handel

Mortals wisely learn to measure life by the extent of Joy; life is

sho - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - rt and fleeting Pleasure then be gay,

whilst you may, and your hours in Mirth employ

2

Never let a mistress pain you,
Tho she meets you with a frown;
Fly to Wine, 'twill soon unchain you,
Chear thy Heart,
And all Smart,
In a sweet oblivion drown.

3

If loves fiercer flames shou'd sieze thee
To some gentle Maid repair;
She'll with soft Endearments ease thee
On her Breast,
Lull'd to Rest,
Eas'd of Love and free from Care.

Friendship, Wine and Love united,
From all Ills defend the Mind;
By them guarded and delighted,
Happy State,
Smile at Fate,
And leave Sorrow to the Wind.

Flute

The Amazon

set by Mr. S. Howard

Swains I scorn who nice and fair, Shiver at the morning Air,
rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me
rough and hardy bold and free, be the Man that's made for me.

1

Slaves to fashion slaves to dress,
Fops alone themselves caress;
Let them without Rival be,
They are not the Men for me

2

While his speed outstrips the wind
Loosly wave his locks behind;
From fantastick Foppery free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

3

He whose nervous Arm can dart,
The Jav'lin to the Tyger's heart;
From all sense of danger free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

4

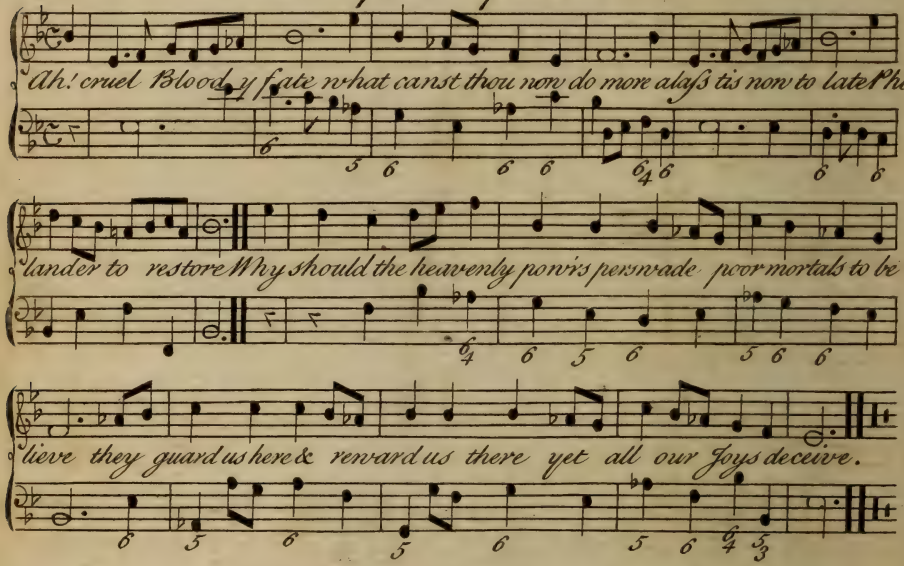
Nor simp'ring smile, nor dimpl'd cheek,
Spoil his manly sun burnt cheek;
By weather let him painted be
He's the Man that's made for me

5

If false he proves my Jav'lin can
Revenge the Perjury of Man,
And Soon another brave as he
Shall be found the Man for me

Flute

The force of Love

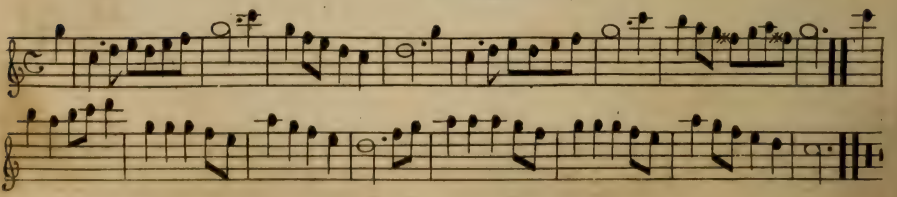

Ah! cruel Bloody fate what canst thou now do more alays tis now to late Phi
lander to restore Why should the heavenly powrs persuade poor mortals to be
lieve they guard us here & reward us there yet all our Joys deceive.

Her Ponyard then she took and held it in her hand
And with a dying look cry'd thus I fate command
Philander ah my Love I come to meet thy shade below
Ah I come she cry'd with a wound so wide there needs no second blow

3

In purple waves her blood ran streaming down the floor
Unmov'd she saw the Flood and blest her dying hour
Philander ah Philander still the bleeding Phillis cry'd
She wept a while then forc'd a smile then clos'd her Eyes & dy'd

Flute



The Friendly Adviser

Set by Mr. Carey

Trust not Man for he'll deceive you Treachery is his sole intent
first he'll court you then he'll leave you Poor de-lu-ded to lament :
Lis ten to a kind ad-viser Men pur--sue but to perplex,
wou'd you happy be grow wiser and a--void the faithless swain

Form'd by nature to undo us,
They escape our utmost heed
Oh! how humble when they woo us
Oh! how vain when they succeed.

So the Bird when once deluded
By the artful Fowler's Snare,
Mourns out Life in Cage secluded;
Virgins then in time beware.

Flute

A Favourite Song

As Cupid rogishly one day had all alone stole out to play ỹ. Muses caught ỹ.

little little little knave & captive love to beauty gave the Muses caught ỹ little little little

knave & captive love to beauty gave The Laug - - - - - - - - - - - - ing dame soon

mist her son & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted ru - - - - - - - - - - - - n dis

trac - - - ted run & here & there & here & there & here & there distracted run and still his

liberty to gain his liberty to gain offers his Ransom but in vain in vain in vain the

Compos'd by Mr. Eccles

willing willing Prisner still hugs his Chain & vows he'll néer be free and vows he'll néer be

free no no no no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll neer be free a gain no

no no no no no no no no no no no no no he'll néer be free a gain

Flute.

The Lark

Set by Mr. Lampe

Ah pretty tunefil flutt'ring thing! raise rise thy gently thrilling Note,
Hark! the fond echo's round thee sing & steal their Music from thy throat Oh! mount & cut thy

yeilding Air, with spreding wing & downy breast see Phœbus waits to meet thee

there & greet thee now a welcome guest & greet thee now a welcome guest.

2

Thee soon the piping Shepherd hears,
And imitates thy warbling strain;
With sweeter sounds you charm our Ears,
And silence the presuming Swain.

3

Glad thro' the bending Corn I stray
While you aloft at pleasure rove
And hov'ring hail the new born day
With songs of Mirth & Notes of Love.

4

Aid with thy Harmony my Muse!
And to thy Music tune my Song
May all the Nine their Warmth infuse
Be't soft as thine, as sweet and strong

5

My Fanny then thy Voice shall charm
With me thro' flow'ry fields to rove
Whilst taught by thee my lays shall warm
Her tender breast to glow with Love

Flute

Bacchus & Venus United.

Claudio to manly sports & genious wine tnvelve circling yr. his spo - - - - - - - - - rtful
A Jol ly Son of Bacchus uncontrould stranger to care his hou - - - - - - - - - rs un

heart inclin'd; The God of wine so much engro - - - - - - - - ss'd his heart Venus with

all her charms poſseſs'd no pa - - - - - - rt Venus nr. all her charms poſseſs'd no part.

Cupid enrag'd drew his unerring dart,
And in revenge shot quite thro' Claudio's hea. re
The jocund swain still loath to leave his Glass,
Or to confess fair Delia's Charms surpass,
Now pensive strives in vain t'avoid Love's in. are
Wine but his second, Delia, his first Care.

Love triumph's now o're Claudio's manly, soul
But still allows the life-reviving bowl
When love & Wine in mutual convere meet
Mortals like Gods are render'd then Compleat
Bacchus & Venus should be hand in Glove
He that would Life enjoy must drink & love.

Flute

tr

The TELL TALE

Blab not what you ought to smother honours lawrs should sacred be boasting favours

from another neér will favour gain with me neér will favour gain w. me.

But inspir'd with indignation sooner I'd lead Apes in Hell, eer I'd trust my

Repu-tation ; with such fools as kiss and tell w. such fools as kiss & tell

He who finds a hidden Treasure,
Never should the same reveal,
He whom beauty crowns with pleasure
Cautious Should his Joy conceal,
Cautious should his Joy conceal.

Him with whom my heart I'll venture,
Shall my fame from censure save,
One where truth and prudence center,
And as sacred as the Grave ;
And as sacred as the Grave.

Flute

The Amorous Lad.

Violino Unisoni — Set by M.r Alland

Simpfhony

Give me give me a Bottle & a Laſs that

hates a Lucky hour shoo paſs from amorous Sport free from Am ..... rous Spor ..... ting free.

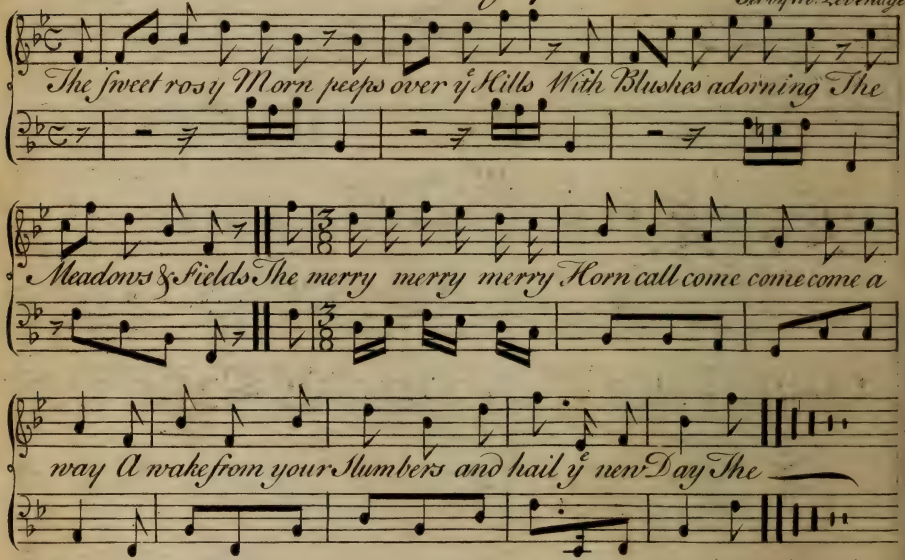
Piano

who moves by no hicchy Dears dares Wisper

low into my Ears & urge ye Extacy and ur ..... ge ye Extacy

The Sweet Rosy Morn.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.


The sweet rosy Morn peeps over y^e Hills With Blushes adorning The
Meadows & Fields The merry merry merry Horn call come come come a
way A wake from your Slumbers and hail y^e new Day The

2

The Stag rous'd before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to y^e Chorus
Of Hounds in full cry.
cho. { Then follow, follow, follow,
The Musical Chace,
Where Pleasure & Vigrous
Health you embrace. }

3

The Day Sport when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Fresh Charms for y^e Night.
{ Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown y^e Day. } cho.

FLUTE.

The faithful Courtship.

Set by Mr. Lamp.

My Lesbia let us live, & love, Let crabbed Age talk what it will; Kiss me a
The Sun tho' down returns a-bove, But we oncedead must be so still. Kiss me a

thousand time & then, give me a hundred Kisses more, now kiss a thousand

times a gain, then th'other hun dred as be-

fore, then th'other hun dred as be-fore.

And y^n, when we have done all this, Thus we will love, & thus we'll live,
That our sweet Pleasures may remain, While all our posting Minutes fly,
We will continue on our Bliss, We'll have no Time to vex, or grieve,
Unkissing of them all again. But kiss, & unkiss till we die.

Flute.

A Favourite Song

Symphony

Song;

Ye Mortals that love drinking apply your selves to me tis I destroy dull

thinking I'm nought but Jol-li-ty *Sym:* *Song;* *Let Whining puny Wits Con-*

-temn the Quaffing Lad We'll freely take our Glasses and never once be

Compos'd by Mr James

Sym:

Sa.....d and never once be sad

Song:

Our Joys must all be Lasting Whilst

Bacchus we pursue of Pleasure Still we'er Tasting Each Bottle makes it new Our

future bliss we'el think on when all the Claret's gone but now we'el bravely drink on and

Adagio.

Quite Exhaust the I.....un and Quite Exhaust the Fun. D:C:

The Ladies Passion Fixt.

Set by Mr. Stanley.

To little or no Purpose I spent many Days, In ranging y^e Park th Ex-
change & the Plays, for n^ever in my Ramble till now did I prove, so lucky to
meet with the Man I could love, Oh! how am I pleas'd n^w I think on this Man, y^t I
find I must love let me do n^w I can, that I find I must love let me do n^w I can.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
Than had I a Fever when I should be well;—
My Passion shall kill me, before I will shew it,
And yet I would give all y^e World he did know it,
But Oh! how I sigh, n^w I think, should he woo me,
I cannot deny, what I know would undo me.—

Flute.

The Faithful Shepherdess.

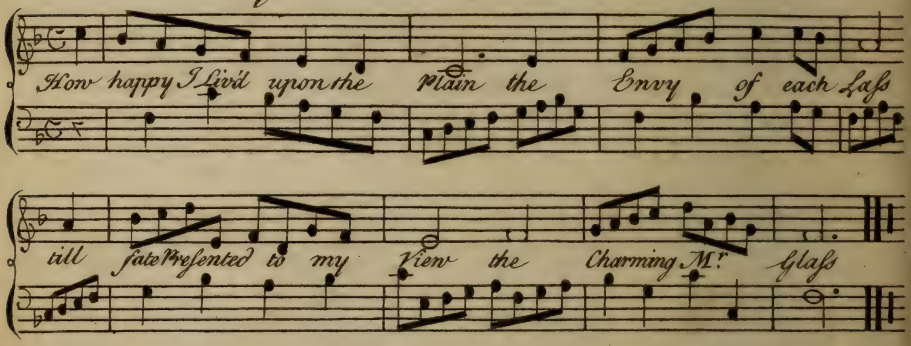
Lively but not to fast — Set by Mr. Howard

At setting Day, & rising Morn, With Soul that still shall Love thee; I'll
ask of Heav'n thy safe Re-turn, With all that can improve thee; I'll
visit oft the Birken Bush, Where first thou kindly told me, sweet
Tales of Love and hid my Blush, Whilst round thou didst en-fold me.

To all our Haunts I will repair; — There will I tell y^e Trees & Flow'rs, —
By Greenwood shaw or Fountain; — From Thoughts unfeign'd & tender; —
Or where y^e Sommer Day I'd share, By Vows you're mine, by Love is yours,
With thee upon yon Mountain. A Heart which cannot wander. —

Flute.

Sylvia Wounded



But melancholy now and sad,
The tedious minutes pass,
All wonder at the fatal Cause,
But oh! the Cause is Glass.

When Sprightly Musick us'd to play,
Fripp'd it on the Grass;
No Dance or Musick now can please
Like Voice of Mr. Glass.

My parents with Industrious care,
Did mighty sums amass;
No one deserves those sums to share,
So well as Mr. Glass.

Let other nymphs try every art,
To wed a Wealthy Ass;
But had I Millions to bestow,
I'd give it all to Glass.

I us'd to be devout at Church,
As any Nun at Mass;
But all my adoration now,
Is plac'd on Mr. Glass

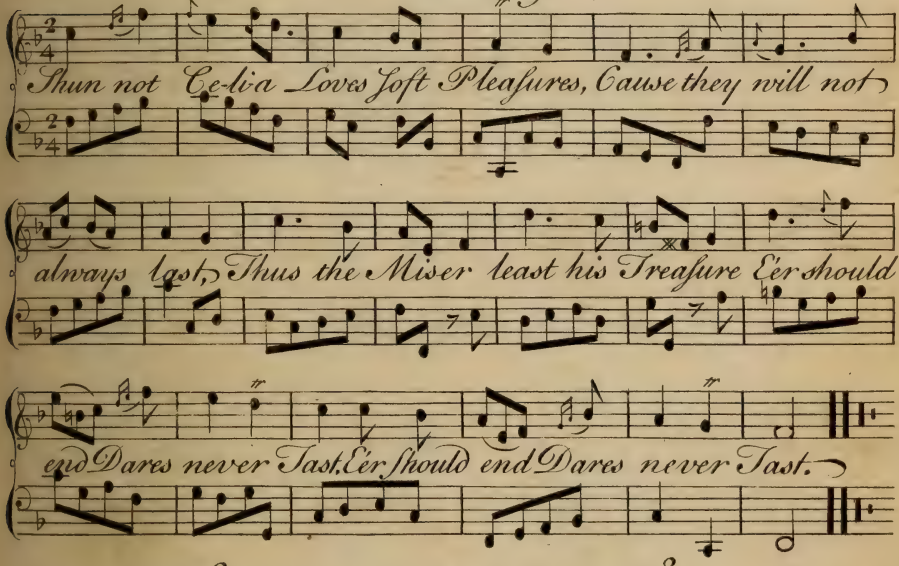
Then cease your plaints Ye amorous Swains
Vain are your Sighs alass,
My Pity's all you can obtaine,
My Love's for Mr. Glass.

FLUTE

R. Roberts fecit

Advice to Celia.

a New Song.


Shun not Ce-lia Loves soft Pleasures, Cause they will not
always last, Thus the Miser least his Treasure Ere should
end Dares never Fast. Ere should end Dares never Fast.

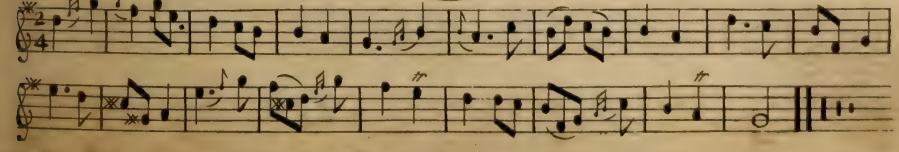
2

Beauty's but a fading Flow'r —
Would you therefore Love refuse —
Or because there's one last Hour
Would you all the others lose.
Would you &c.

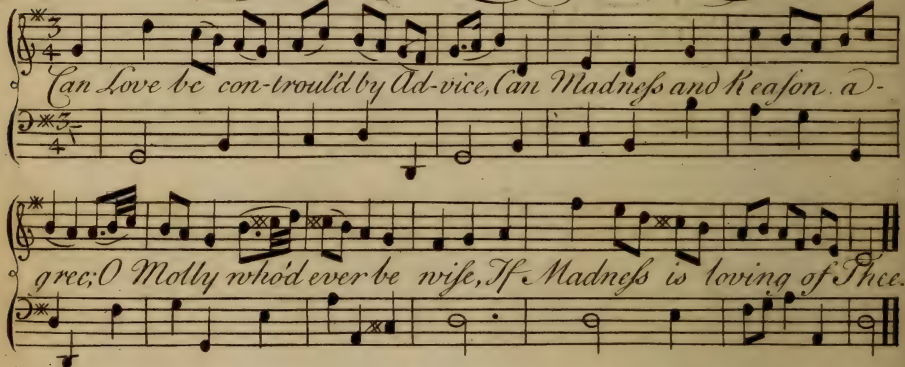
3

Wisely seize ye present Blessing
What tho soon ye Blessing ends —
Oft repeated Joys possessing —
Bid the Number make amends.
Bid the &c.

Flute.

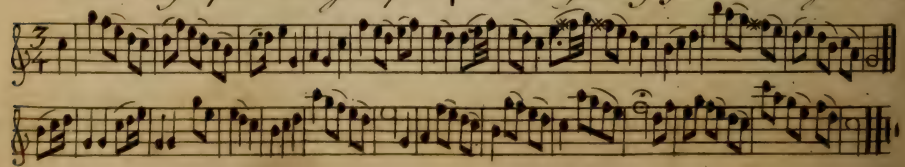


The Modest Question.


Can Love be con-trould by Ad-vice, Can Madneſs and Reaſon a-
gree; O Molly whó'd ever be wiſe, If Madneſs is loving of Thee.
Let Sages pre-tend to deſpiſe, the Joys they want Spirits to Taste, Let
me ſeize Old Time as He flies And ỹ Bleſsings of Life while they last.

Dull Wisdom but adds to our Cares,
Brisk Love will improve evry Joy;
Too ſoon we may meet wᵗʰ grey Hairs,
Too late may repent being Coy:

Then Molly for what ſhould we ſtay,
Till our best Blood beging to run Cold;
Our Youth we can have but to Day,
We may always find Time to grow Old.



The Invitation

Andante.

Come dear Amanda quit the Town, And to the rural Hamlets
fly; Behold ỹ wintry storms are gone, a gentle Radiance glads ỹ Sky.
The Birds a wake, ỹ Flowers appear; Earth spreads a verdant Couch for
thee, tis Joy & Musick all we hear; Tis Love & Beauty all we see.

Come, let us mark ỹ gradual Spring,
How peeps ỹ Bud, ỹ Blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing, —
And perfect May to spread ỹ Rose

Let us secure the short delight, —
And wisely crop ỹ blooming Day,
For soon, too soon it will be Night,
Arise my Love & come away.

Cantata.

ALEXIS.

Se! from y^e^ silents Grove Alixes flies and seeks n^th^ ev'ry pleasing Art to ease the

Recit.

pain n^th^ lovely Eyes created in his Heart, To shining theaters she now repairs to learn Ca-

Slow

millas moving Airs n^r^. thus to Musicks pow'r y^e^ Swain addrest his Pray'rs ARIA

Charming sounds y^t^ sweetly languish musick O Compose my anguish every

passion yields to thee every passion yields to thee Charming sounds y^t^ sweetly languish musick

O Compose my anguish every passion yield to thee every pas - - - - sion yields to

ALEXIS.

Thee Phœbus quickly then relieve me, Cupid shall no more deceive me, I'll to

.g. Recit.

sprightlier Joys be free, to sprightly Joys I'll be free, I'll to sprightlier Joys be free: Apollo heard ỹ foolish

DC

In vain; he knew n Daphne once he lov'd, how weak t'a sw'age, Amrous pain his own harmoni. art had

proud & all his healing herbs, how vain, then ỹ he strikes ỹ speaking strings Preluding to his voice

Aria

& sings. Cimbalo

Violoncello

ALEXIS.

Sounds tho' charming can't relieve thee Sounds tho' charming can't re

lieve thee do not Shepherd then de ceive thee. Musick is the Voice of Love

Musick is the Voice of Love Sounds tho' charming can't re lieve thee

do not Shepherd then de ceive thee. Musick is the Voice of Love. Musick

ALEXIS.

is the voice of Love Musick is the voice of Love

If the tender maid be

lieve thee soft re - lenting kind con senting will a lone thy pain re move will a

lone thy pain re move soft re lenting kind con senting will a lone thy pain re move

D.C

Set by Dr. Pepusch

The Lover.

Set by Mr Howard

If Love be a Fault & in me thought a Crime, how great my offence, bear you

witness O Time, The Days & ij Nights, & ij hours as they rolld, ij know may be

felt, but are ne'er to be told. One Day past away, & saw nothing but love, A-

nother came on, & ij same thing did prove, the Sun it grew tird still to

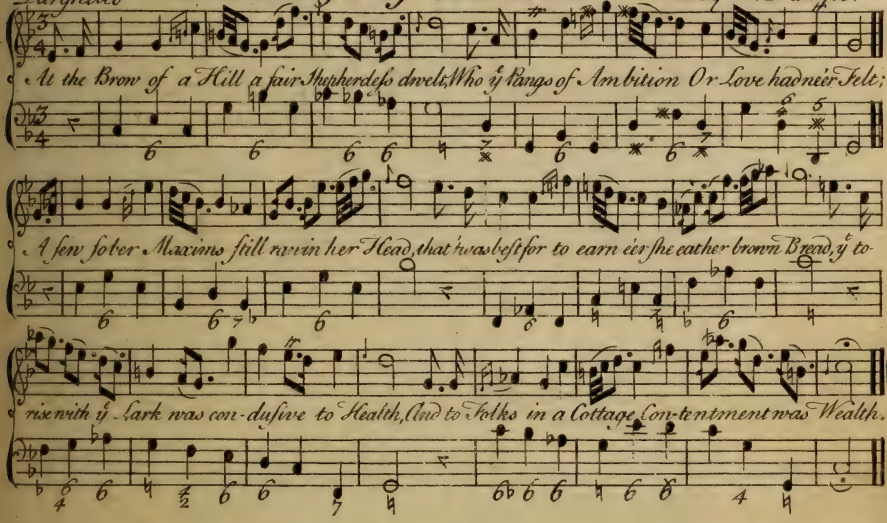
look on the same, but I grew more pleasd as ij next moment came.

I saw you all Day, & all Day with new gust,—
And yet ev'ry Day was to me as the first:—
Thus fleeting Time passes th Down on its Wings,
And whilst this remains, rest unenvyd ye Kings.
If this be a Crime, be my Judges ye Fair,——
And if I must suffer for what is so rare,
True Lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,—
The Cause of my Death, was for loving too well.—

The Lafs of the Hill.

Larghetto

Set by Mr Lampe.

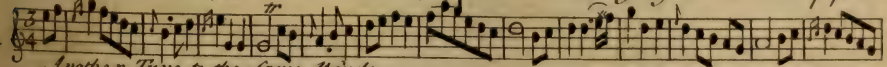

At the Brow of a Hill a fair Shepherdess dwelt, Who yt Pangs of Ambition Or Love had ne'er Felt;
A few sober Maxims still ruv'in her Head, that 'twas best for to earn e'er she eather brown Bread, yt to-
rise with yt Lark was con-ducive to Health, And to Folks in a Cottage Con-tentment was Wealth.

Young Roger that liv'd in yt Valley below,
Who at Church & at Market was reckond a Beau;
Would often times try o'er her Heart to prevail,
And Rest on his Pitchfork to tell her his Tale,
That wth ease his Addresses soon gain'd on her heart
Being artless herself, She suspected no Art.

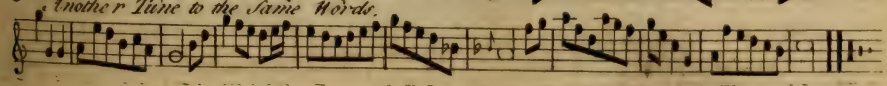
He flatter'd protested he kneel'd & implord,
And his lies he wth Oaths w'ould fill grace like a Lord,
Her Eyes he commended wth Language well dress'd,
And enlarg'd on yt Tortures he felt in his Breast,
With sighs & wth Tears he so soften'd her Mind,
That in downright Compassion to Love she inclin'd.

But no sooner he'd melted yt Ice in her Breast,
The heat of his Passion yt Moment decreas'd,
And now he goes flaunting all over yt Vale:
And boasts of his Conquest to Richard & Hall,
Tho he sees her but seldom he's always in haste,
And wn e'er he mentions her makes her his Jest

Take heed therefore Maidens of Briton's gay Isle,
How you venture your Hearts for a look or a smile,
For young Cupid is artful & Virgins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in every Vale.
Who to Court you & tempt you will try all his skill
But remember yt Lafs at the Brow of yt Hill.



Another Tune to the same Words.



The Amorous Protector

set by Mr. Lampe

Of e'ery sweet that glads the Spring, A tribute
to try Charms I'll bring; I'll i---mi-tate the bu-sy
Bee, to make a fra---grant Crown for thee.

1
When from y. plains wer chacd away,
By the fierce God that rules the Day;
I'll lead thee to y. shades and Streams,
To shield thee from his Scorching Beams.

2
And when to rest her Eyes incline,
And light nor they no longer shine;
The fairest fleece of e'ery Sheep,
My love shall press in peaceful Sleep.

3
From all the Ills that Night invade,
I'll guard the dear, the beautrous Maid;
My tender faithful Care shall prove,
None watch so well as those that love.

Flute

The Maids Repentance

Set by M.r Graves

Ye Gods! I foob--ish---by de--nid my Strephons last Addreſs,
Pro--vok'd he now no more re--ply'd, but left me in diſtreſs.

Oh Cupid! send your ſureſt dart, & ſtreight Command his ſtay let
him once more but Ask my heart, I'll ne-ver more say, nay.

Thus happy moments oft we loſe,
By some ill fate inſpir'd,
At once Capriciously refuſe,
The thing we most admir'd;

No more I'll blame loves ruling Pow'r
Or Curse his juſt Decree;
'Twas I that fix'd th' unlucky hour,
And 'twas confirm'd by me.

Flute

Advice to Britain. By M. Sparrow

Sym

Allegro

Rouse Britons, Drive the Foe would Slyly work thy

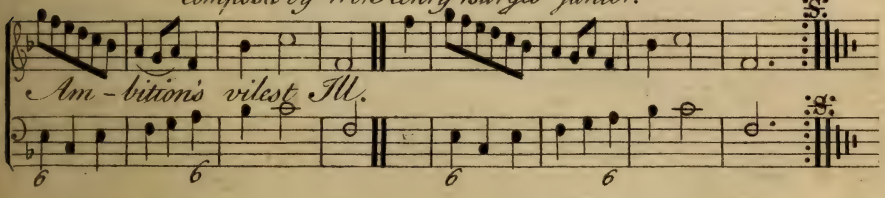
Woe, Let haughty Bourbon know we will be

Dreaded Still; As-sert thee on the Main make all

their Efforts vain, whose wiles makes Discord reign and

fill the world with pain, Am--bitions vilest Ill,

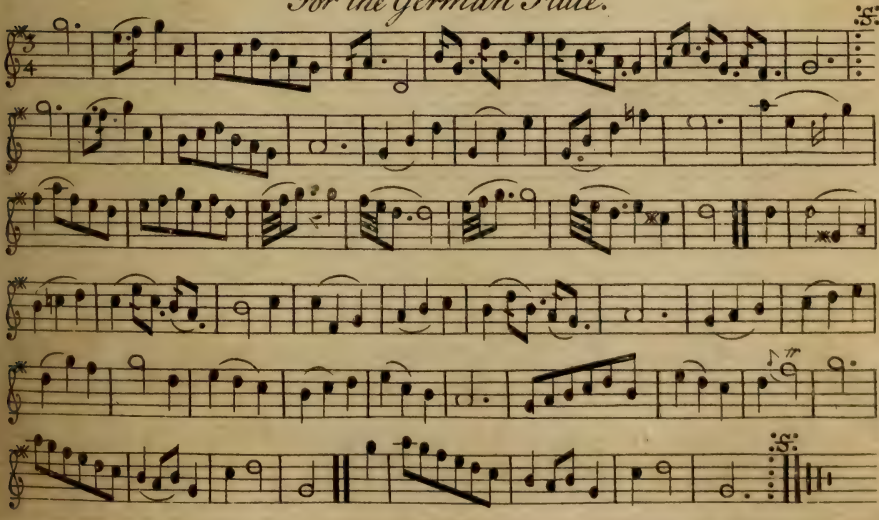
Compos'd by Mr. Henry Burges junior.



Should Bourbons Force appear
Against this Isle in War —
Cease we th' intestine jarr —
And in one Mind unite —
Then vainly whats design'd —
We'd give up to the Wind —
And to their cost they'd Find
With an unconquer'd Mind
A Briton still can Fight.

The Bloody Front of War —
O Britons! never fear —
But let us bravely dare —
And make our Annals shine
And let 'em once more see —
We can set Europe Free —
And plough each distant Sea
With lawless Liberty —
In spight of Bourbons line.

For the German Flute.



Addreſs to Celia

set by Mr. Festing

If beauty's lure a-lone in---vite, Abſence may heal our

pain, But prudence vainly quits her ſight, whoſe ſence & worth re-

main, But prudence vainly quits her ſight, whoſe ſenſe & worth remain.

The fairest Face we may Diſpiſe,
Which hides a Foolish Mind,
But Reason guides y. Lovers Eyes,
When charms & Wit are joyn'd.

Caught by thy Person & thy ſence,
'Tis both alike I fear,
For if the Eye could make defence,
You'd conquer by the Ear.

Flute 1.

The Moderate Lover

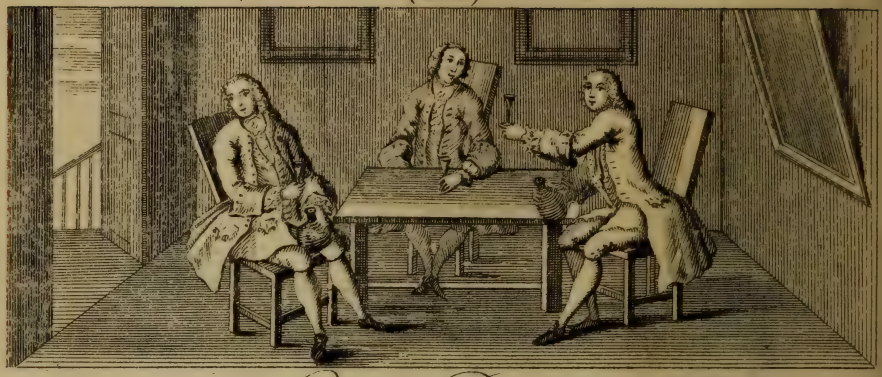
set by Mr Lampe

Tell me not of a face that's fair, nor lip & Cheek that's red, Nor of a rare se-
Nor of the tresses of her hair, nor curls in order spread;
raphic Voice ỹ. like an Angel sings, Tho' if I were to take my Choice I
would hav all these things: But if ỹ. thou wilt have me love & it must be a she; The
only Argument can move, is ỹ. she will love me, Is that she will love me

The glories of your Ladys be,
But Metaphors of things,
And but resembles what we see;
Each common object brings,
Roses out-red their lips, and Cheeks,
Lillies their Whiteness stain,

What fool is he that shadows seeks
And may the substance gain?
Then if thou'lt have me love a Lass,
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the Glass,
That's with good Claret lin'd.

Flute



Love's Bacchanal.

Set by Mr Vincent.

Strephon why that Clowdy Forehead Why so vainly crossd those Arms silly Swain thy Aspect

horrid rather frightens her ye Charms Rouse each dull & drooping Spirit fling away thy

Myrtle Wreath Bumpers large of gen'rous Claret makes thee love & raptures Breath.

Sacrafice this Juice prolifick —
To each Letter of her Name —
Gods they deemd it a Specifick
Why not Mortals do ye same

See ye high chargd Goblet smiling —
Bids thee Strephon drink & prove
Wines the Liquor most beguiling
Wine's ye Weapon conquers Love.

Flute

Polly Willis.

Set by Mr Cox

Attend ye ever tuneful Swains that in melodious lulling strains of
Cloe sing or Phillis, Tho' weak my skill tho' rude my verse a
braid me not whilst I rehearse, the Charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I and poor in thought
No Simile shall here be brought
From Roses Pinks and Lillies
Some meaner Beauties they may hit
But sure no Simile can fit
The charms of Polly Willis.

A Simile to match her hair
Her lovely forehead high and fair
Beyond my greatest skill is,
How then ye Gods! can be expreſt,
The Eyes, the lips the heaving breast,
Of charming Polly Willis.

She's not like Venus on the Flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal Amarillis;
Frame all that's lovely bright and fair
Of pleasing Shape & killing Air,
And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' time her charms may wear away
All beauty must in time decay
Yet in her pow'r there still is
A charm which shall for life endure
I mean the spotleſs mind and pure
Of charming Polly Willis.

Flute

Stella and Flavia

Set by Mr. Howard

Stella and Flavia ev'ry hour do various hearts surprize in Stella's Soul is

all her pow'r & Flavia in her Eyes in Stella's soul is all her pow'r &

Flavia's in her Eyes. more boundless Flavia's conquests are and Stella's

more confind All can discern a face that's fair but few a heav'nly Mind.

Stella, like Britain's Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands;
Like Eastern tyrants Flavia deigns,
To rule o'er barren Sands
Then boast fair Flavia boast thy face
Thy Beauties only Store
Each day that makes thy Charms decrease
Will give to Stella more.

THE COQUETS

slow — set by Mr. Worgan

Sym — Pia — F

At the close of the day when the bean flow'r and hay breath'd Odours in

ev'ry Wind, Love enliven'd the veins of the damsels and swains, each

glance & each action was kind each glance & each action was kind

Molly wanton and free,
Kiss'd and sat on each knee
Fond extasie swam in her eyes
See thy Mother is near,
Hark! she calls the to hear,
What Age and experience advice

Hast thou seen the Blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with Purple and Gold
If a kiss he Obtain,
She repeats it again
What follows you need not be told.

Look ye mother she cry'd
You instruct me in pride
And men by good manners are won
She who trifles with all,
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one

Prithee Molly be wise
Lest by sudden surprise
Love shou'd tingle in ev'ry Vein
Take a Shepherd for life
And when once you're a Wife,
You safely may trifle again

Molly smiling reply'd
Then I'll soon be a bride
Old Roger has Gold in his Chest,
But I thought all you Wives
Chose a Man for your lives
And trifled no more with the rest

Bacchus Defeated

the Words & Musick by M. Philips

Bacchus must now his pow'r resign I am the only God of Wine I am the only

God of Wine It is not fit y.e wretch should be in Competition set with me

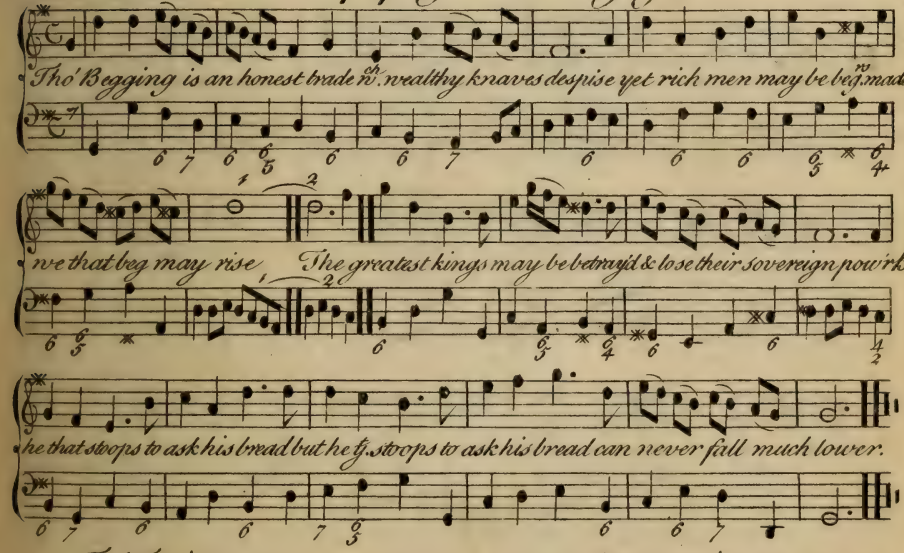
who can drink ten times more who &c. ten times more who &c. ten times more than he ten times

more ten times more ten times mo - - - - - - - - - - re who can drink ten times more than he

Let other Mortals vainly wear
A tedious life with Anxious Care
A tedious life &c.
Let the ambitious toil and think
Let States and Empires swim or sink
My sole ambition is
My sole &c.
My sole ambition is to drink

Make a new world ye powers divine
Stock it with nothing else but Wine
Stock it with &c.
Let Wine its only product be
Let wine be Earth be Air and Sea
And let that wine be all
And let that &c
And let that wine be all for me.

The happy Beggars

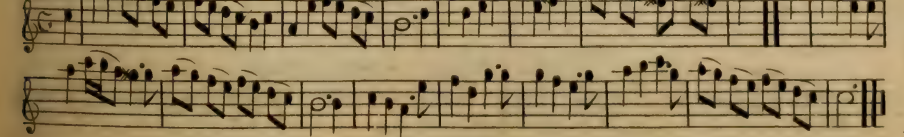

Tho' Begging is an honest trade &c. wealthy knaves despise yet rich men may be beg. made &
we that beg may rise, The greatest kings may be betrayd & lose their sovereign pow'r But
he that stoops to ask his bread but he y. stoops to ask his bread can never fall much lower.

Tho' Foreigners have swarm'd of late and spoil'd our begging trade,
Yet still we live and drink good beer, tho' they our rights invade
Some say they for Religion fled, but Wiser People tell us.
They were forc'd here to seek their bread, for being too rebelious

Let heavy taxes greater grow, to make our Army fight,
Where 'tis not to be had you know, the king must lose his right
Let one side laugh the other mourn we nothing have to fear
But that great Lords will beggars be to be as great as we are

What tho' we make the World believe, that we are sick or lame
'Tis now a virtue to deceive, our teachers do the same,
In trade dissembling is no Crime and we may live to see,
That begging in a little time the only Trade will be.

Flute



The Sleepy Fair.

Set by Mr. Howard

One Summers Eve as Strephon rov'd wrapt up in thought profound, Sur-

prizd he saw his best belov'd lye sleeping on the Ground

Awake my pretty Sleeper wake! awake to Strephons call Be

careful for your Lovers sake 'Tis Night the dew-drops fall.

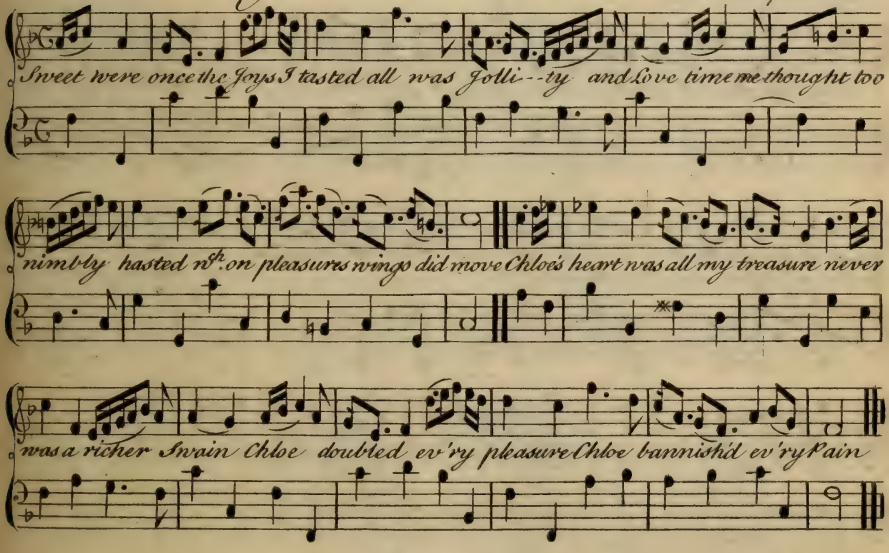
Then to her Cheek his lips he laid
And gently stole a kiss
She still slept on he not dismay'd
Repeats the transient bliss
She wakes and thus with angry tone,
Away away she cries
Then fault'ring bids the Swain be gone
Then sight and clos'd her Eyes.

Tho' cruel are your words sweet maid
Can sighs proceed from hate?
My doubts are gone then down he laid
Resolv'd to share her fate,
Defended from the noxious Air
Within his Arms she lay
And tho' the Swain oft Wak'd the fair,
She said no more till day.

Flute

The Jealous Swain

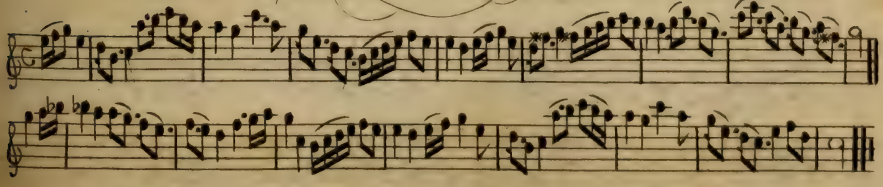
Set by Mr. Russell


Sweet were once the Joys I tasted all was Jolli--ty and Love time me thought too
nimbly hasted nt on pleasures wings did move Chloe's heart was all my treasure never
was a richer Swain Chloe doubled ev'ry pleasure Chloe bannish'd ev'ry Pain

But the envious Gods repining,
So much Bliss on Earth to See,
All their bitt'rest Curses joining,
Dash'd my Cup with jealousy;
Now where ev'r my Pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh and heart felt Gwan,
Love by doubts and fears surrounded,
I'll dispute a tott'ring Throne.

Fool that ever art pursuing
What conceal'd is always best,
Jealousy loves Child and ruin,
Leave oh leave my tortur'd breast:
With the slave thy pow'r confessing
Thou to Venus mildly deal,
They who shun or slight thy Blessing
Should alone thy torments feel.

Flute



A Cure for Love

Set by Mr Stanley

Long by an Idle Passion tost by love undone my reason lost how many fruitless

tears it cost to free me from the sma - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - rt to free me from my smar

I rav'd I sigh'd but all in vain could not my liberty regain or break the little

tyrants chain alas how weak my Ar - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - t Alas how weak my Art

At length I flew to Pride for Aid
But equally by that betray'd
To every Power in vain I pray'd
But none would pity show.

Till reason to my breast once more
Did all my former peace restore
And brought Content not in the pow'r
Of Strephon to restore. —

Flute

The Inconstant.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

When fading Beauty does de-cay, Natt dost think that love will Stay;
So love elsewhere I'm not to blame, Phillis is no more ye same, A
change in all we dai-ly see, Constant in In-constan-cy.

Chloe tryumphant rules the Day,
Then for Celia must give way,
But when Clarissa comes in sight,
Cecilia is forgotten quite
No fair one long can pleasure me,
Constant in Inconstancy.

Almighty Love disdain restraint,
Ever will for Freedom pant,
Nor can you me Inconstant call,
Who by turns love always all,
Then blest'd be dear Variety,
Constant in Inconstancy.

Flute

Philander's Vow.

Tender

Set by Mr. Boyce.

In vain Phi-lan-der at my Feet you urge your Guilty

Flame With well dis-sembled Tears en treat New Oaths &

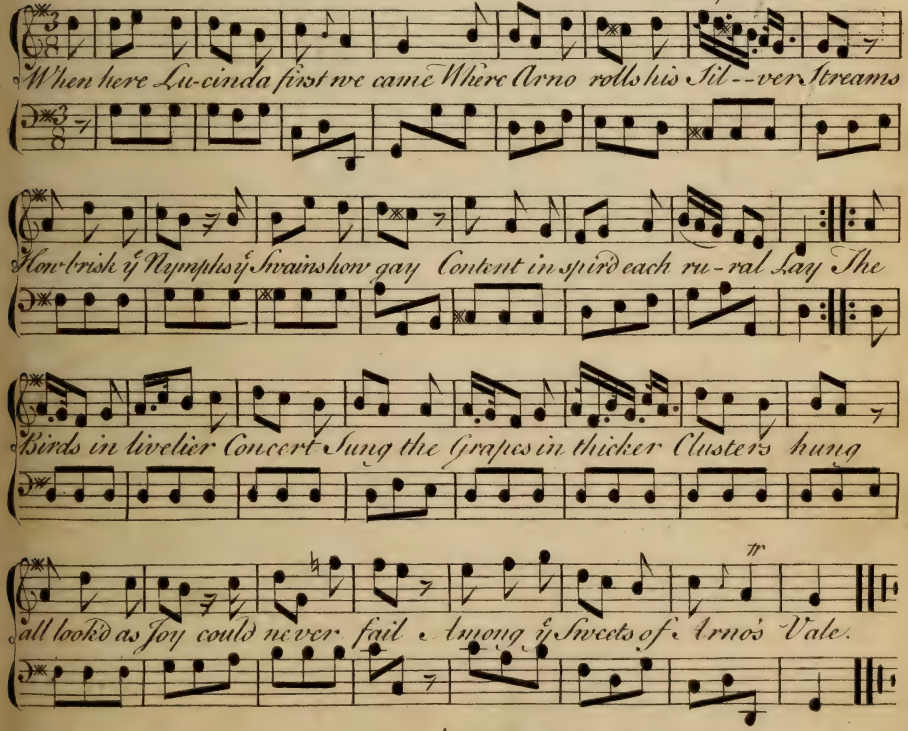
impious Vows re peat and wrong Loves Sacred Name

Ah! cease to call that paſsion Love
Whose end is to betray
Too soon should I comply youd prove
What Sensual views your Ardour move
And your Affection Sway.

And when to all my fondneſs blind
Youd chase me from your Breast
Deluded Wretch! when could I find
That calm Content that peace of Mind
Which I before poſsest

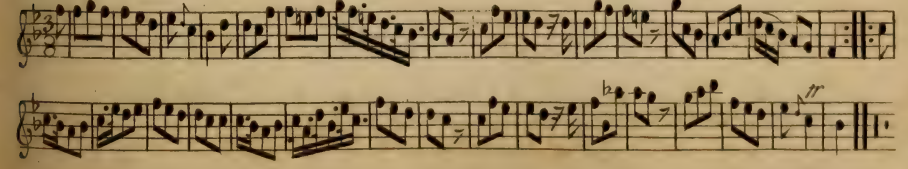
Arno's Vale

Set by Mr. Holcombe.


When here Lu-cinda first we came Where Arno rolls his Sil--ver Streams
How brisk ye Nymphs & Swains how gay Content in spir'd each ru-ral Lay The
Birds in livelier Concert Sung the Grapes in thicker Clusters hung
all look'd as Joy could never fail Among ye Sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now since good Palemon dy'd
The chief of Shepherds & the Pride
Now Arnos Sons must all give place
To Northern Swains an Iron race

The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er
Thy Notes Lucinda please no more
The Muses droop the Goths prevail
Adue the sweets of Arnos Vale.



HAPPY PAIR

'Twas at the Royal Feast for Persia Won by Philip's Warlike Son Aloft in an full State the

God like Hero sate On his Imperial Throne his Valiant Peers were placid around their Bronsw^th

Slow

Roses and with Myrtles bound so Should Desert in Arms be Crown'd The lovely Thais by his

Allegro

side Sate like a blooming Eastern Bride in flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride

Staccato

Pia

For

Ay

Happy happy happy Pair None but the brave none but the brave

A FAVOURITE Song.

None but ỹ brave deserves ỹ Fair None but ỹ brave None but ỹ brave None but ỹ brave deserves ỹ Fair

happy happy happy Pair happy ha

ppy happy happy happy Pair

None but ỹ brave None but ỹ brave None but ỹ brave deserves ỹ Fair None but ỹ brave de-

erves ỹ Fair None but ỹ brave

None but ỹ brave deserves ỹ Fair None but ỹ brave deserves ỹ Fair None but ỹ brave deserves ỹ Fair.

The Lover's Complaint

Amoroso. Set by Mr. W.m Hodson.

Sym

I Love I doat I'm all De-sire No Tongue can

tell my Pain My Breasts in Flames my Hearts on fire In murmurs

I com plain in murmurs I com plain.

2 Thro' ev'ry Feature reigns a Charm
Immortals own her Sway
Her Frowns tenthousand Breasts alarm
So rob their Souls of Day.

3 Her Smiles extatic Pleasures give
Dispell my gloomy Woe
Make drooping Nature learn to live
No anxious Cares I know.

4 Some Soul enchanting pow'r oh! move
This too divinely Fair
Tell her how I'm distress'd by Love
How Tortur'd by dispair.

The Mutual Lovers.

Set by Mr. W.m Hodson.

Amoroso.

Sym

Say mighty Love &

teach my Song to whom ỹ sweetest Joys be long & who the Happy Happy

Pair Whose yielding hearts & Joining hands find Blessings twisted

with their Bands to soften a - - - - - - - ll their Care to soften all their Care

Not ỹ wild Herds of Nymphs & Swains
Who thoughtless fly into the Chains
As Custom leads the way
If there be Bliss without Design
Ivy and Oaks may grow & twine
And be as blest as they.

Nor minds of melancholly Strain
Still Silent or that still complain
Can the dear bondage bless
As well may Heavnly concerts spring
From two old Lutes with ne'er a string
Or none besides the Base.

Two kindest Souls alone must meet
'Tis Friendship makes ỹ bondage Sweet
And feeds their mutual Loves
Bright Venus on her rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone
And Cupids Yoke ỹ Doves.

H. Roberts fecit

The Constant Lover.

Set by Miss Morgan.

Tost'd in doubts & fears I rove, On the Stormy Seas of Love; Far from

comfort far from Port, Beauty's Prize & Fortunes Sport, Yet my Heart disclaims dis-

pair; While I trace my leading Star; While I trace my leading Star.

But reservidness like a Cloud,
Does too oft her Glories Shroud,
Peirce ye Gloom reviving Sight,
Be auspicious as your Bright;
As you hide or dart your beams,
Your Ardorer Sinks or Swims.

Flute

Hen Roberts sculp.

Love and Honour.

Set by Mr Lampe.

I wish & long for that which I by custom forc'd must needs deny by custom

forc'd must needs deny how hard a Virgins Fate To from Alexis I am bid & if I

smile am snubb'd & chid and if I smile am snubb'd & chid who'd live at such a Rate.

In vain alas is all disguise —
My words but contradict my Eyes
my words &c
He reads my passion there
O love! what is there to be done?
Must I what most I covet shun
must I &c
And bid if Youth dispair. —

Forbid it all ye powers above! —
Cupid prevailing God of Love —
Cupid &c
Decreed us for each other —
Let Hymen light his Torch I dare
Be his without a blush or fear —
Be his &c
To immitate my Mother. —

Flute.

Hail Windsor:

Set by Mr. Travers.

Larghetto

Hail Windsor crownd with

lofs by Sowrs & Nature wantons at her Will decks every Vale with fruits & flowrs

waving Trees adorns each Hill

Like

Mars & Venus in his Arms like his thy Strength like hers thy

charms like his thy Strength like hers thy Charms

When o'er thy Plains I stretch mine Eyes,
Pleasd with thy Prospects unconfind,
A thousand Scenes before me rise,
A thousand Beautys charm my Mind,
Tho diffrent each, yet each agrees,
Nor this, nor that, but all things please.

Thus Strephon Views his lovely Fair;
From charm to charm in raptures toft,
Yet not her Face, nor Shape, nor Air;
Nor yet her Eyes transport him most,
But tis the Heavnly Finishd whole,
With matchless Grace delights his Soul.

A Preservative against Love.

Set by Mr. Lampe.

Arietta

How frail alas! we Mortals are how lost to Sence how Vain!
When once wth Powrful Love we dare a fancy'd war maintain. In Vain we would his

Powr withstands & fo ree by force repell He has more

Absolute Comand if mo re we would re bell.

'Tis only flight can make us blest —
And free us from Loves Dart
One Moments Stay destroys our Rest
But this preserves the Heart
So shall our Lives in peace be Free —
Each day new pleasures prove
He thats posses'd of Liberty ——
Defies the Shafts of Love. ——

FLUTE

Bright Author of

Con Spirito

Bright Author of my present flame am I awake or do I dream

art thou an Angel if I see come down from heavn to comfort me Bright me or art a Fu-ry

lately made escape from hell to cheat me to cheat me in a fairer shape Or shape

Affettuoso

Thou like a Comet dost ap- - pear

in this our lofs fre quen ted Sphere Sphere At once to dazzel

my present Flame.

Set by Mr. Travers.

and sur prize th Love our Hearts th light our Eyes with Love our Hearts with

light our Eyes At Eyes But if thou come por-

tending fu ture Pain eén like a Blazing Star retire again But if thou come por-

tending fu ture Pain eén like a Bla

tr

zing Star retire again eén like a Bla

tr

zing Star re tire a gain.

The Relief.

Now ỹ busy day is o'er, To ỹ Bottle let us fly, ỹ our Spirits will restore, & delight the

heart wth Joy ..... & delight ỹ heart wth Joy. Banish

sorrow sullen Care, & wry anxi owe thought remove, raise ỹ mind above despair; fill ỹ soul wth nought but love,

..... Fill the Soul wth nought but Love.

FLUTE

Barberini's Minuet.

Set by Sig.r Hasse.

Think'n to Measure y.e sports do invite you times on y.e Wing & is fleeting away and as y.e bright

Season of youth does exalt you Crown y.e dear moments with mirth whilst you may As time approaches by

kindly Advances With truly graceful and free open fances of Song & brisk dances intreat him to

Stay His golden Treasure y.e prudently measure let innocent pastime & Virtue delight you

Virtue & innocence alway are Gay those who inherit such sweetness of Spirit Live live

live live those who inherit such sweetness of spirit live & enjoy true delight ev'ry Day.

Myra

Set by Mr. Howard.

Say Myra why is gentle Love A stranger to y^r Mind that Pity and Esteem can

move w^ch can be just & Kind Is it because you fear to know y^r Ills w^ch Love molest the

ten der care y^r anxious Fear w^ch racks y^r amrous Breast I lass by some degree of

woe we ev ry Bliss obtain y^r heart can neera train, short know, w^ch never felt a Pain

Flute.

The Happy Man.

Arietta.

I envy not Sir Courtly Nice Secure from Pomp and free from Vice I pass my day w^th

Ease I pass my Da ys w^th Ease The Man who cannot be a Knave scorns to be a

fawning Slave has but him self to please has but himself to plea se

Pia.

has but himself to please the man who cannot be a knave & scorn to be a fawning

Slave has but himself to please has but himself to please has but himself to please

The World & all its glitt'ring Toys —
Consist in Hurry Show and Noise
Whilst in a Croud we live —
Thank Heav'n! I share a better Fate
And blest enjoy in humble State —
The sweets that Quiet give —

My Book my Garden Field & Fair
Are all my Pleasures all my Care —
Nor wish I greater Bliss —
Each Day to me fresh beauties rise —
From these and Isabellas Eyes —
Still sweetned by a Kiss.

The Truth.

Set by Mr. Russell.

To curb our Will with vain pre tence Phy..lo...so..phy her force em-

-ploys And tells us in dis pight of Sense that Life af fords us real Joys

Such I dle whims my Heart ab jures Envy me not Im mortal

Jove? If I pre fer my Bliss to Yours clasp'd in the Arms of her I Love

Since you have given desires to Men —
Leave us at least th' Enjoyment free —
Must I be happy only then ——
When I alass! shall cease to be ——
Such Idle whims my heart abjures ——
Envy me not immortal Jove ——
If I prefer my Bless to yours ——
Clasp'd in ỹ Arms of her I love ——

For the German Flute.

Paternal Love.

The parent Bird whose little Nest is by its tender Young possest with
Spreading Wings & downy Breast does cherish them with Love But soon as Nature
plumes their Wings & guides their flight to Groves and Springs quite unconcern'd the
parent Sings re gardless where they rove re gardless where they rove

Whilst hapless we of human Race
The lasting Cares of Life embrace
And still our best affection place
On what procures us pain
Tho Children as their years increase
Increase our fear & spoil our peace
Paternal Love can never cease
But ever will remain.

Flute.

A Song in Praise of

Of good English Beer our Songs lets raise We've right by our freeborn

Charter And follow our brave fore fathers ways Who livd in ỹ time of King Authors

Of those gallant days loud fame has told Beer gave ỹ stout Britons Spirit In

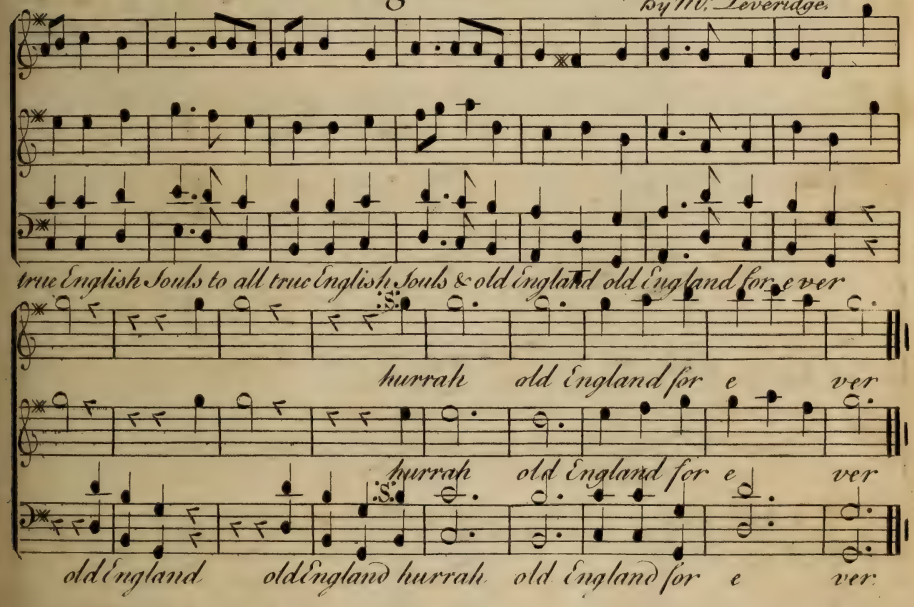
Love they spoke truth & in War they were bold And flourishd by dint of Merit

Chorus

Then like them Crown our Bowls our plentious brown Bowls & take em off clever so all

old English Beer

By Mr. Leveridge.


true English Souls to all true English Souls & old England old England for e ver
hurrah old England for e ver
hurrah old England for e ver
old England old England hurrah old England for e ver

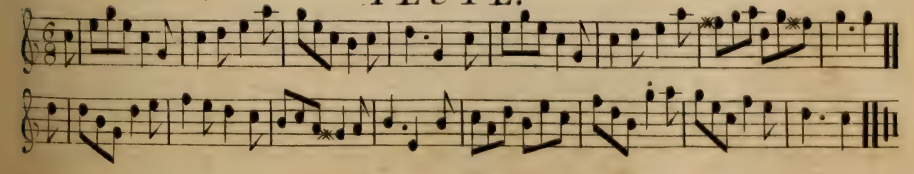
The Glory in Love or War they won —
By fighting retreats and sallies —
Was from ye production of their own —
Good Beer & roast Beef in their Bellies —
All foreign attempts they did disdain —
So fird with Resolution —
For Liberty if they wou'd bleed every vain
To keep their old Constitution. —

Chorus

Like them let us fill & drink & Sing —
To all who our State are aiding —
To Commerce if all our wealth does bring
And every branch of our Trading —
By Commerce all grandure we sustain —
That makes us a pow'rful Nation —
Then let us agree & with vigour maintain
Our Trade and our Navigation. —

Chorus

FLUTE.



The Power of Beauty.

Allegramente

Is there a Charm ye Powers a bove To ease a wounded Breast Thro'
Reason's Glass to look at Love to wish and yet to rest Let Wisdom
boast tis all in vain An Empire o'er the Mind tis Beauty Beauty holds the
Chain And triumphs o'er Man kind And triumphs o'er Man kind

Thrice happy Birds who on the Spray
Unartful Notes prolong
Your feathered Mates reward the Lay
And yield to pow'rful Song
By Nature fierce without Controul
The human Savage ran
Till Verse refind his Stobborn Soul
And civilized the Man
And civilized the Man

Verse turns aside the Tyrants Rage
And cheers the drooping Slave
It wins a Smile from hoary Age
And disappoints the Grave
The force of Numbers must succeed
And sooth each other Ear
Tho' my fond Cause should Phœbus plead
He'd find a Daphne here
He'd find a Daphne here

Did Heav'n such wondrous Gifts produce
To curse our wretched Race
Say must we all the Heart accuse
And yet approve ye Face
Thus in the Sun bedropd with Gold
The basking Adder lies
The Swain admires each shining Fold
Then grasps the Snake & dies
Then grasps the Snake & dies

The Nut-brown Maid.

Set by Mr. Howard. S.

I was

in the Bloom of May when odours breathe around when Nymphs are blithe & gay &

all with mirth abound That happily I strayd to view my fleecy Care where I beheld a Maid no

Mortal ere so fair no mortal ere so fair.

She wore upon her Head
A Bonnet made of Straw
Which such a Face did shade
As Phœbus never saw
Her looks of Nut brown hew
A round eard Coife conceald
Which to my pleasing view
A sporting Breeze reveald

Around her slender Waiste
A Scrip embroiderd hung
The Lute her Fingers graced
Accompanyd with a song
With such a pleasing Note
Cuzzoni might regale
Or Philomelas Throat
That Warbles thro' the Vale

Not long I stood to View
Struck with her Heavnly Air
I to the Charmer flew
And caught the yielding Fair
Hear this ye scornful Belles
And milder ways pursue
She that in Charms excells
Excells in kindness too

The Happy Couple.

Staccato.

Sym.

At Upton on the Hill There lives a happy Pair The

Swain his Name is Will And Molly is the Fair Ten Years are gone & more Since

Hymen joind these two their Hearts were one be fore The sacred rites they Knew

Since which Auspicious Day —
Sweet harmony does Reign —
Both Love and both obey —
Hear this each Nymph & Swain
If haply Cares invaide —
Is who is free from Care —
Th' impressions Lighter made —
By taking each a Share. —

Pleas'd with a Calm retreat —
They've no ambitious View —
In Plenty live not State —
Nor Envy those that do —
Sure Pomp is empty Noise —
And Cares Increase with Wealth
They Aim at truer Joys —
Tranquillity and Health. —

With Safety and with Ease —
Their present life does flow
They fear no raging Seas —
Nor Rocks that lurk below —
May still a steady Gale —
Their little Bark attend —
And Gently fill each Sail —
Till life it self shall end. —

The Power of Gold

Set by Mrs Worgan

The Bloom of Beauty quickly fades an age des-pis'd as soon-suc-ceeds loathing the Lover flies a face des-poild of Youthfull Charms and Grace Yet Gold whilst we do thee Enjoy we need no other Charms Employ Medea's arts to thee belong when old thou makst us fair and young.

AMYMONE

Cantata.

Rec: *Upon the Coast of Argos Rocky Shoar where the Impetuous Billows foam and*

Roar Amymone the Young the Fairest of the Wood was by a Satyr eagerly persued

wearyd in Flight by fears Oppress She thus th'immortall powrs th'immor.....tall powrs addrest

Air

Largo

Neptune God of

all the Ocean

Neptune God of

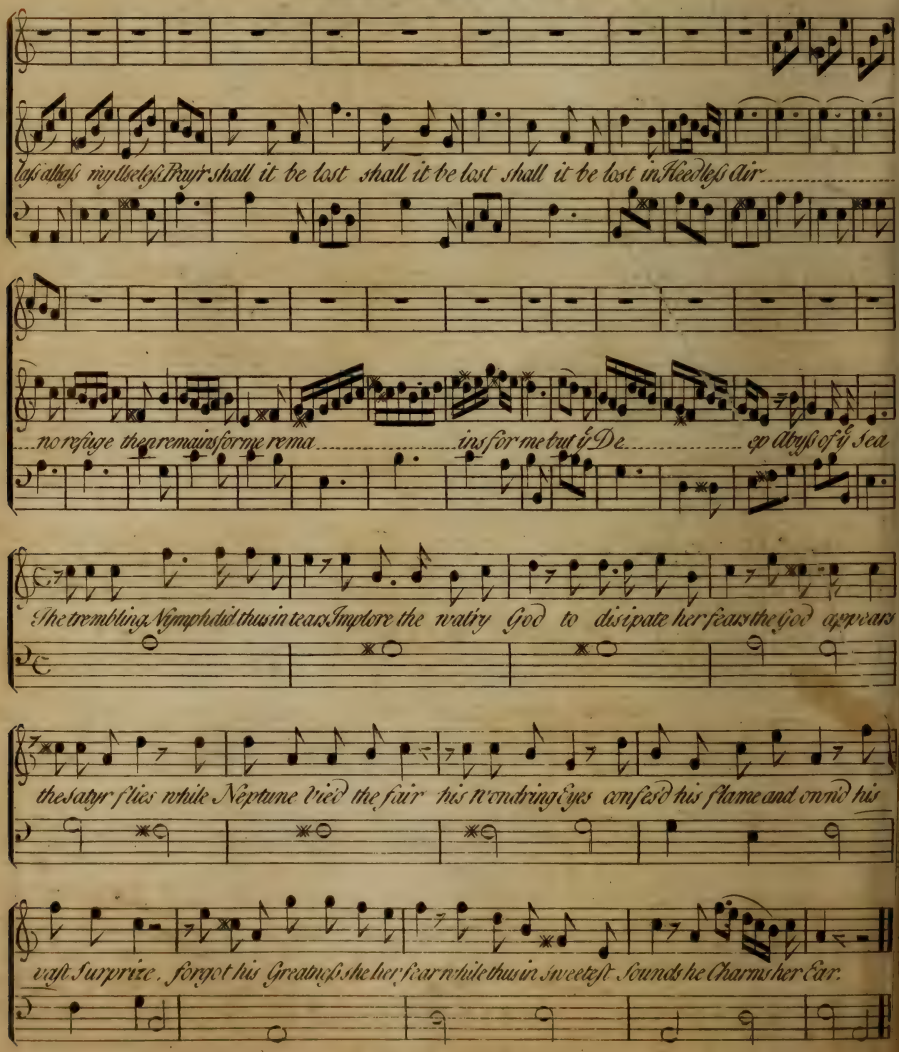
AMYMONE

all the Ocean hear a tender Maids devotion Ease my A.....nguish Set me free

Ease my A.....nguish Set me free from Furious love de---liver

me from furious love deliver me al

AMYMONE


Las alas my Useless Prayr shall it be lost shall it be lost shall it be lost in Heedless Air
no refuge then remains for me rema ins for me but ỹ De ep Abyss of ỹ Sea
The trembling Nymph did thus in tears Implore the watry God to dis ipate her fears the God appears
the Satyr flies while Neptune view'd the fair his Wondring Eyes confess'd his flame and own'd his
vast Surprize, forgot his Greatness she her fear while thus in Sweetest Sounds he Charms her Ear.

AMYMONE

Vivace

Triumph triumph

Triumph triumph Charm ing Creature over your profu.....mptious Vangh lover tri.....

.....umphing Conquest of your Charms While Neptune Courts you to his Arms

AMYMONE

Solo

Tri.....umph Tri..umph in the Conquest the

Conquest of your Cha.....

rms Tri-umph in the Conquest the Conquest of your Charms

AMYMONE.

Beautious Creature now if ever

you intend to Bless a lover yeild to me yeild to me if best can mo

ve thy tender Soul thy tender Soul to softest love thy tender Soul to softest love.

A Favourite Song

Set by Mr Handel.

Siciliana

Let me wander not unseen by Hedgerow Elms on Hillocks green. There the Plowman near at hand whistles over the furrow'd Land there ỹ Plowman near at hand whistles over the furrow'd Land and the Milkmaid singeth blithe & ỹ Mower whets his scythe and every Shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale and every Shepherd tells his tale under the Hawthorn in the Dale.

Love reveal'd.

Set by M.r W.m Hodson

Affettuoso

Why should I my Paſsion smother Or the Man I love tor ment
my Frown may drive him to a no ther then too late I ma
y re pent then too late I may re pent

How often he has fondly woo'd me
Yet I always seemed Coy
Tho' in melting Strains he sued me
Against my Will I did deny

Thus we force our Selves to suffer
And slight w.t we so much prize
Yet tis easy to discover
Our own Thoughts within our Eyes

I cannot resist no longer
Hes if only Man I love
And my Paſsion grows if stronger
Since he does so constant prove

Ill Endeavour to regain him
And his constant Love requite
Tho so long I did disdain him
In him alone I take delight

Sweet Endearments may allure him
Never can I be at rest
Till for ever I secure him
Its he alone can make me blest

Flute

A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Boyce

Fairest of the Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swains Abode

See yon fertile Vale along the new worn Path & Flocks have trod Persue & Prints their

Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade and they shall guide thee to the Shade Fairest of the

Virgin Throng dost thou seek thy Swains Abode See yon fertile Vale along & new worn Path & Flocks have trod Per-

sue the Prints their Feet have made & they shall guide thee to the Shade & they shall guide thee to the Shade

Flute

Rural Life.

Set by Mr Howard

How happy is the Maid who lives a rural life By no false viens be trayd to know domestick strife No Passion sways her mind or wishes to be Great So humble hopes confind she shuns ye flatting Bait So humble hopes confind she shuns ye flatting Bait

Her Soul with calm disdain,
Above the Pomp of Pride;
Behold ye Rich and Vain,
In gilded fetters tyd;
While Tides Wealth & Powr;
The gaudy Scene display;
And Pageants of an Hour;
In darkness glide away.

But if some gentle Boy,
Her faithful Bosom share;
He doubles all her Joy,
And lessens all her care:
Their moments on the wing,
The mutual Bliss improve,
And give perpetual Spring,
To Virtue Truth and Love.

Flute

A Favourite Song

Sym:

Andante

Tell me lovely Shepherd where sy: where tell me

P: F: P:

where thou feedst at Noon thy fleecy Care Sym: Direct me to y sweet Re

F: P:

treat y guards thee from y Midday Heat Sym. F:

F:

Left by the Flocks I love by stray Without a

P:

Guide & lose my Waif. sy. F. where rest at Noon thy bleating

F: P:

in Solomon.

Set by Mr Boyce

Care Gentle Shepherd tell me where where fy: where

where tell me where where rest at Noon thy bleating Care Gentle

Shepherd tell me where tell me gentle Shepherd where

For the Flute, or German Flute.

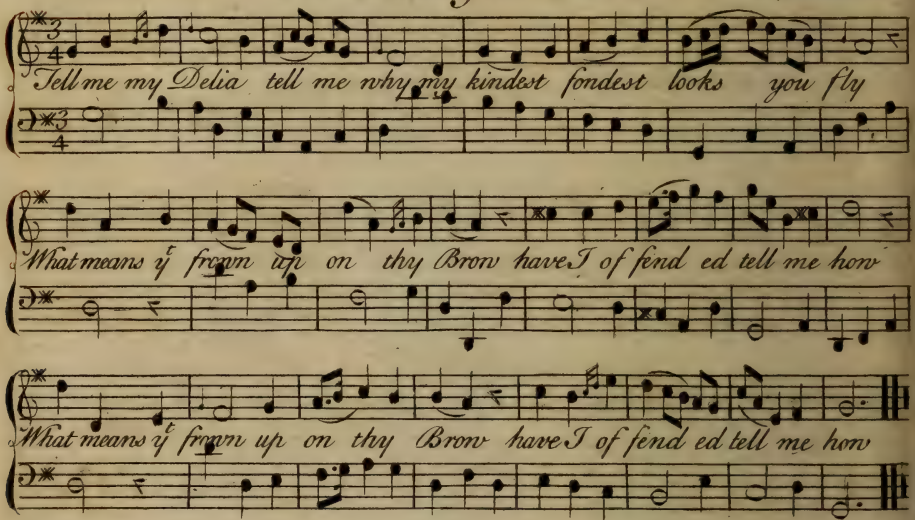
Sym.

Andante

fo: fy: fy: fo: fy: fy: fo: fy: fo:

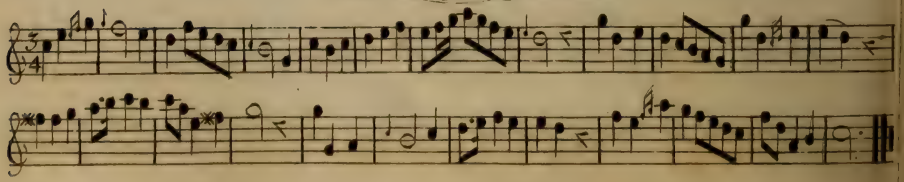
The Doubtfull Lover.

Set by Mr. Howard


Tell me my Delia tell me why my kindest fondest looks you fly
What means y frown up on thy Brow have I of fend ed tell me how
What means y frown up on thy Brow have I of fend ed tell me how

Some change has happen'd in thy Heart,—
Some Rival there has stol'n a part;—
Reason, those fears might disapprove,—
But Oh I fear, because I Love.—

Flute.



The Secret Kiss.

Set by Mr Oswald

At the Silent Evening Hour Two fond Lover in a
Bower Sought sought their mutual Bliss Tho her Heart was
just re lenting Tho her Eyes seem'd just Con senting Yet
yet she fear'd to Kiss

Since this secret Shade he cryid —
Will those rosy Blushes hide —
Why why will you resist —
When no tell-tale Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Who, who would not be kiss'd.

Calia hearing what he said —
Blushing lifted up her Head —
Her Breast soft Wishes fill —
Since she cryid no Spy is near us
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us
Kiss, kiss or what you will —

Flute

The Despairing Shepherd

Set by Mr. Lampe.

Largo.

Cle-on whose Heart Fore-told Despair thus mourn'd his Hapless Fate
Long have I tast---ed pining Care which Cru---el Fears Cre-ate

How did ye pleasing Minuits wast whilst Silvia blest the Grove but Minuits

te dious A ges last now torn from her I love now torn from her I love.

See how the Village Blithly gay —
Is all a Joyous Scene
The rural Nymphs all hail ye May
Like them I've happy been
But now no Pleasures Sooths my Care
Their happy Sports I shun
And fond my Sylvias griefs to share
I'm Gloriously undone.

Flute

Advice to Cloe.

Set by M.r Howard.

See Cloe how the newblown Rose, blooms like thy beauteous Face, Youth does its ripning

Charms disclose, and perfects every Grace, Its Virgin sweets perfume the Air, and

then its Pride decays; So will it be with thee my fair, nay past thy youthful Days

No April can revive thy Charms,
No Sun can light thine Eyes;
Soft Love will leave thy snowy Arms,
When Age begins to rise:
Then Cloe let my Passion move
Thy Pity for my Pain;
Obey the Voice of gentle Love,
Love, and be Lov'd again.

For y.e German Flute.

A Favourite Song

Allegro

Zeno Plato Ariſtotle all were Lovers of ye Bottle &c Poets Painters & Muſicians

Churchmen Lawyers & Phyſicians all admire a pretty Laſs all require a chearful Glaſs Zeno

Plato Ariſtotle all were Lovers of the Bottle Poets Painters & Muſicians Churchmen Lawyers & Phyſicians

all admire a pretty Laſs all require a chearful Glaſs Poets Painters & Muſicians Churchmen Lawyers & Phy

ſicians all admire a pretty Laſs all require a chearful Glaſs &c:

Set by Mr Lampe.

Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season Love and Drinking are no Treason Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season Love and

Drinking are no Treason Love and Drin.....king Love and Drinking are no Treason.

A Favourite Song,

Allegro

On his Face the Ver--nal Rose Blended with the Lil--ly Glows

Sym: His Locks are as the Ra-ven black in Ringlets wa ving

down his Back Sym: His Eyes with milder Beauties

beam than billing Doves beside a stream His youthfull Cheeks are Beds of

Flowers En-ri-pend by refreshing showers Sy.

His Lips are of the Rose's Hue dropping with a fra gran

Set by M.r Boyce.

Dye — *Tall as ỹ Cedar he appears & as Erect his form he bears*

Tall as ỹ Cedar he appears And as Erect his form he bears

Largo — *pia.*

This this O ye Virgins this is ỹ Swain whose absence causes all my Pain.

FLUTE.

Sy. Sy. So. Sy. So. Sy. So: Sy.

A Favourite Song.

Set by Mr Perlleur.

tr tr tr p: f:

Women formisby Nature Coy, blush to give or take the Joy. fy.

Man by Nature warm & brave must to win them be a Slave. fy. tr Fawns &

flatter sigh and whine Call their Mortal Char..... ms call their Mortal

Charms divine. When the Godl thus we please Female piri.....

..... de deceivid Female Pride deceivid obeys. 4

A Favourite Song

Moderato

Set by Mr Oswald.

Polly when your Lips you join Lovely Currel Lips to mine So the Bee the

flow'ry Field Such a Banquet does not yield Not the dewy morning Rose

So much sweetness does inclose Not the Gods such Nectar Sip As Collin from thy

balmy Lip As Collin from thy balmy Lip Kiss me then with

tr

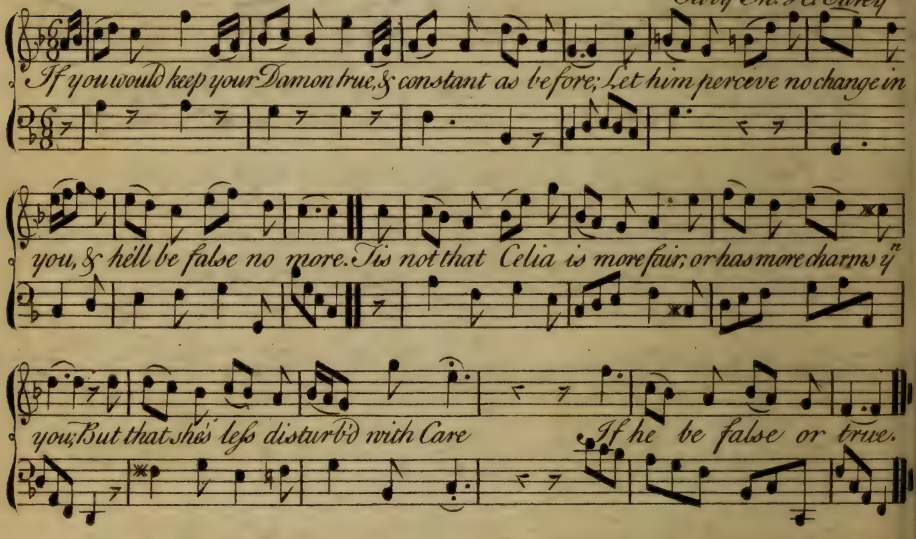
rapture Kiss, Well surpass the Gods in Bliss Well surpass Well surpass

tr tr

Well surpass the Gods in Bliss Well surpass the Gods in Bliss.

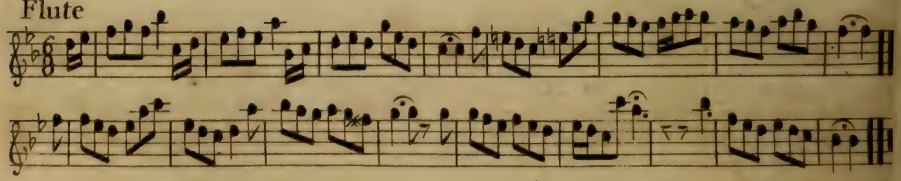
False Damon.

Set by Mr. H. Carey


If you would keep your Damon true, & constant as before; Let him perceve no change in
you, & he'll be false no more. Tis not that Celia is more fair, or has more charms y"
you; But that she's less disturb'd with Care
If he be false or true.

Why then shoud you disgrace with Tears,
That Face which once was gay;
Or why shoud you distract with Fears,
That Heart which once was May.
Let Smiles again adorn your Face,—
Again be gay and glad,
And he'll again resume his Place,—
Or else by Jove he's mad.

Flute



Delia.

Set to M.r Howards favorite Musette.

Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin Grace Hark where Pleasure

blithe as May Bids us to Vaux Hall away. Verdant Vistos melting Sounds

Magic Echoes Fai-ry Rounds Beauties ev'ry where surprise Sure ỹ Spot dropt

from ỹ Skies Delia in whose form we trace All that can a Virgin grace

hark where Pleasure blithe as May Bids us to Vaux-hall away.

For the German Flute.

Soft God of Sleep.

Set by Mr. Russel

Soft God of Sleep when thou dost seal the gay The gay Clarin-das Eyes

In gentle dreams to her re veal how Damon Damon for her dies

But if the fair one be dis pleas'd at the un rivel come unwel come

Theme Slyher and let her Soul be eas'd in finding it a Dream

Flute

To Silvia.

Set by Mr Howard

If Truth can fix thy wav'ring heart let Da mon

urge his Claim he feels the Paſsion void of art the Pure and constant Flame

Tho' sighing Swains their tell their sensual love con

tem they on by prize y^e beauteous shell but slight y^e inward Gem.

Poſsession cures the wounded Heart;
Destroys the transient Fire,
But when y^e mind receives y^e Dart,
Enjoyment whets y^e Deſire.
Your charms each slavish sense controul,
A Tyrants short livid Reign,
But milder Reason rules the Soul,
Nor time can break the Chain.

By Age your Beauties will decay,
Your mind improves with Years,
As when the Bloſsoms fade away,
The ripining Fruit appears.
May Heavn & Sylvia grant my Suit,
And bleſs each future Hour:
That Damon, who can taste y^e Fruit,
May gather ev'ry Flower.

Cloe's Resolves.

Set By D.r Greene.

As Cloe on Flowers reclind o'er the Stream she sight to the
Breeze & made Colin her Theme, tho' Pleasant the Stream & tho' Cooling the
Breeze & the Flowers tho' fragrant she panted for Ease, and the Flowers tho'
fragrant she panted for Ease

The Stream it was fickle and hasted away,—
It kissd ij sweet Banks but no longer would stay,
The Beauteous Inconstant & Faithless tho' Fair;
Ah! Colin look in and behold thyself there.—

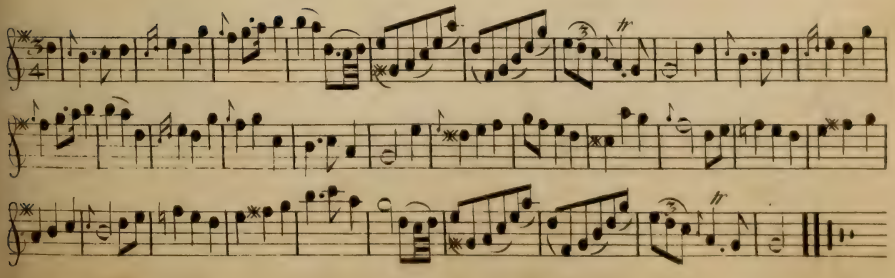
The Breeze that so sweet on her Bosom did play,
Now rose to a Tempest and darkned the Day,
As soft as the Breeze and as loud as the Wind,
Such Colin when Angry and Colin when kind.

The Flowers when gatherd so Beauteous & sweet,
Now fade on her Bosom and Dye at her Feet,
As fair in their Bloom and as foul in Decay,
Such Colin when Present and Colin away. —

In Rage and dispair from the Ground she arose,
And from her the Flowers so faded she throws, —
She weeps in the Stream and she sighs to ye Wind,
And resolves to Drive Colin quite out of her mind.

But what her resolves when her Colin appear'd,
The Stream it stood still & no Tempest was heard,
The Flowers recoverd their beautiful Hue, ——
She found he was kind and believd he was True.

For the German Flute.



Ye Virgin Powers.

Set by Mr Howard.

Ye Virgin Powrs de

fend my Heart from amrous Looks & Smiles from saucy Love and nicer Art which

oft our Sex beguiles From sighs & Vows & awfull fears w^th most to

Pity move from speaking silence & from Tears those springs w^th water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow Blind
Let Honour be my Guide
And where frail Nature seem inclind
There place a Guard of Pride.

The maid whose Charms are seen tho' Pure
Needs every Virtue's Aid
And she who thinks herself secure
She soonest is betray'd.

A Song

See by Mr Howard.

Good

Mother if you please you may place others to observe my ways: Or be yourself ij

watchful spy & keep me ever in your Eye keep me ever in your Eye.

Unless ij Will if self restrain ij care of others is in Vain And if my self I

do not keep instead of watching you may sleep instead of watching you may sleep.

When you forbid what Love inspires
Forbiding you but fan its fires;
Restraint does appetite enrage,
And Youth may prove too strong for Age.

Then leave me unconfind and free,
With Prudence for my Lock & Key,
For if my self I do not keep,
Instead of watching All may sleep.

Florello and Daphne.

Set by M.r Howard

See Daphne see Florello cryd and learn y.e sad effects of Pride Yon sheltered Rose how close conceald how quickly blasted when reveald The Sun w.th warm attractive Rays tempt it to wanton in y.e blaze A Gale succeeds from eastern Skies & all its Blushing radiance die & all its Blushing radiance dies

So you, my Fair, of charms Divine,—
Will quit the Plain, too fond to shine—
Where Fames transporting Rays allure,
Tho' here more happy, more secure—
The Breath of some neglected Maid,—
Shall make you sigh, you left the Shade,
A Breath, to Beauties Bloom, unkind,—
As to the Rose, the eastern Wind.—

The Nymph replyd, you first my Swain,
Confine your Sonnets to the Plain;—
One envious Tongue, alike disarms—
You of your Wit, Me of my Charms;—
What is unheard, the tuneful Thrill,—
Or what, unknown, the Poets skill,—
What, unadmir'd, a charming Mein,—
Or what the Roses Blush, unseen.—

Why heaves my fond Bosom

Why

Heave my fond Bosom Oh what can it mean Why flutters my Heart my Mind was once so Serene

Why this Sighing and trembling my Daphne is near or Why my when Shes absent this

Sorrow and Fear or why why Shes absent this Sorrow and Fear.

For ever, methinks I with wonder could trace
The Thousand soft Charms that embelish thy Face
Each moment I view thee new Beauties I find
With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslaved by thy mind
Untainted with Folly, unsullied by Pride
There native good Humour, and Virtue reside
Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply
With compassion for him who without thee must die.

The New flown Birds

Set by M. Lampe

The new flown Birds the Shepherds Sing & welcome in ỹ May come Bel tonella

now the Spring makes e vry Landskip Gay Wide Spreading Trees their leafy shade over

half the Plain ex tend, or in reflecting Fountains playd their quiv'ring Branches Bend their

quiv'ring Branches Bend or in reflecting Fountains playd their quiv'ring Branches Bend

Come taste the Season in its Prime
And bless the Rising Year
Oh how my Soul grows Sick of Time
Till thou my Love Appear
Then shall I pass the Gladsom Day
Warm in thy Beauty's Shine
When thy dear Flock shall feed & play
And intermix with mine

For thee of Doves a milk white Pair
In Silken Bands I hold
For thee a Firstling Lambkin fair
I keep within the Fold
If milkwhite Loves acceptance meet
Or tender Lambkin please
My Spotless Heart without Deceit
Be offer'd up with these

A Favorite Song

Set by M.r Wideman

Joy Enlightens all my Senses when I View the
Charming Fair Evry Pleasure She Dispences
Evry wish I find in Her I unlike a wand'ring Lover
who to ease his roving mind thinks in thousands
to discover what in her a lone I Find

Whilst Mankind their Hours are wasting
Evry Fair by turns to move
My Delights are true and Lasting
Blest'd with Innocence and Love
In one Charmer place your Treasure
Happiness is only there
Constancy's the greatest pleasure
When two Hearts united are

The Charms of Lovely Peggy

Setby Mr Oswald

Once more I'll tune the vocal Shell to Hills & Dales my Passion tell A

Flame wch time can never quell that burns for thee my Peggy Ye greater Bards ly

Lyre should his for Say what Subject is more fit, than to record the Sparkling

Wit and bloom of Lovely Peggy and Bloom of lovely Peggy.

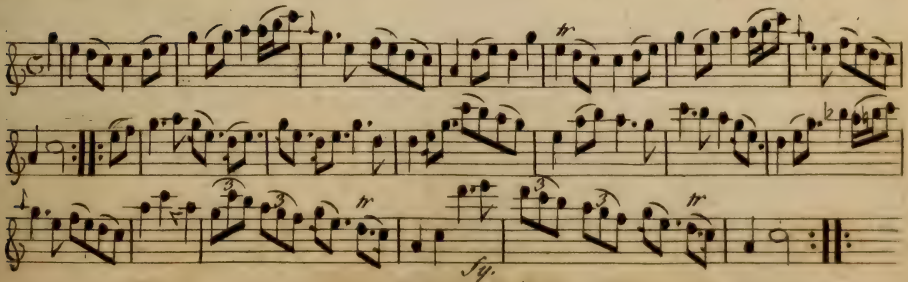
The Sun first rising on the Morn
That Paints the Dew bespangled Thorn
Does not so much the Day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy
And when to Thetes Lap to rest
He streaks with Gold the ruddy West
He's not so beauteous as undrest
Appears my lovely Peggy

When Zephyr on the Violet blows
Or breath's upon the Damask Rose
He does not half the Sweet disclose
As does my lovely Peggy
I stole a Kiss the other Day
And trust me, nought but truth I say
The fragrant Breath of blooming May
Was not so sweet as Peggy

When she's arrayed in rustick Weed
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed
And Pipe upon my Oaten Reed
To please my lovely Peggy
With her a Cottage would delight
All's happy when she's in my sight
And when shes gone tis endless Night
All's dark without my Peggy

While Bees from Flower to Flower rove
And Linnets wander thro' the Grove
Or Stately Swans the Water love
So long shall I love Peggy
When Death with his Sharp pointed Dart
Shall strike the Blow that rives my heart
My Words shall be as I depart
Adieu my lovely Peggy

Flute



The Contented Man

Set by Mr. Loveridge

Give me Health give me Wine that is the Top of my De sign if those Joys may be

mine I am quite con ten ted Some there are that have got whims of

this and whims of that and at last know not what al ways Discontented give me

Health give me Wine that the Top of my De sign if those Joys may be mine I am quite contented

Some again do adore,
Restless State to give em Pow'r
Craving Still more and more
But if once Prevented

Then they Frett and are Seen
Full of Vapours grief and Spleen
Yet would faign Seem Sereen
Tho the Heart is Tormented

He who gives up his Reign
To put on the Lovers Chain
What by that can he gain
But to be Lamented

Tis the cool eary Man
Lives in quiet thro his Span
This the Wise have made plain
And what must be granted

Musick and Beauty

Set by Mr. Stanley

Musick has pow'r to melt the Soul By Beau ty, Na ture

1 2

Sly ayd Each can the Uni verse controul without the o thers Aid

Each can the U niverse controul without the o thers Aid

But here together both appear,
And force united try
Musick enchants the listning Ear
And Beauty charms the Eye
What cruelty, these Pow'rs to join,
These transports, who can bear
O let the Sound be less Divine
Or look the Nymphs less fair

The Rapture.

Setty. M.r O'Feeald

Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying Celia who can speak my Bliss
Who the Rapture I'm enjoying When thy Balmy Lips I Kiss

Every Look will Love inspire me Every Touch my Bo..som Warms

Every Melting Murmur fires me Every joy is in thy Arms.

Those dear Eyes how soft they languish
Feel my Heart with Rapture beat
Pleasure turns almost to Anguish
When the Transport is so sweet
Look not so divinely on me
Celia I shall die with Bliss
Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me
Who'd not die a death like this

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp

Sacharissa

Andante

Set by Mr. W. Hayes of Oxford

Dear un re lent ing cru el Fair how could you first my Heart en

snare? Then leave that Heart to bre ak Then leave that Heart to break

How could you first obtain a Prize By those dear sweet deluding Eyes And

Ad.o And.te

then that Prize for sake And then that Prize for sake.

Ad.o And.te

Like the close everlasting Flame —
My Heart is doom'd to burn the same
Whilst you the Heart inspire —
You like the Vestal void of Sleep —
Within eternal Vigils keep —
And feed the fainting Fire. —

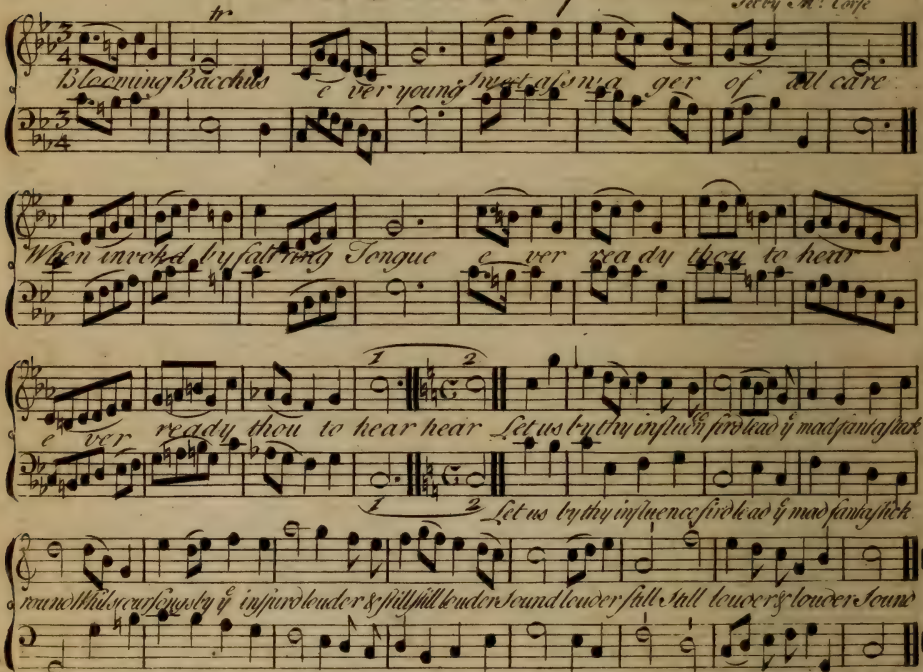
Dear cruel Nymph those Flames suppress
O Love me more or plague me less —
Too much you know I've bore —
For shame throw off that haughty Air —
And shew the soft complying Fair —
Or let me love no more. —

Flute

Ad.o And.te

The Power of Wine

Set by Mr. Corfe


Blooming Bacchus ever young Sweet as is wa ger of all care
When invoked by fair ring Tongue ever ready they to hear
ever ready thou to hear hear Let us by thy influence fire lead & mad fanaticks
Let us by thy influence fire lead & mad fanaticks
round with our songs by & inspired louder & still still louder sound louder still still louder & louder sound
round with our songs by & inspired louder & still still louder sound louder still still louder & louder sound

Thou dost make the Coward brave
Thou dost freeze Love warm
Thou dost Freedom give the Slave
And thy Sons protect from Harm
Let us &c

Thou dost in fair ones Breast
Soft desires kind wishes raise
When a Amorous Swain is blest
Thine & Conquest thine the Praise
Let us &c

To our Loves propitious prove
We by thy assistance may
Triumph over the God of Love
Triumph over the God of Day
Let us &c

The Constant Lover.

Set by Mr Boyce

If you my wand'ring Heart would find, if Heart you say is like if Wind that vanes here that

wanders there to ev'ry Nymph if kind & fair I say if you this Heart would find turn to if own un

set told mind if e'er it wanders 'tis to be, in wanding constant th' thee

How can it settle when you fly
And shun this faithful votary
If oft a Nymph that's fair doth find
But never yet the Nymph that's kind
If you would fix this wand'ring Heart
Join it with yours 'twill never depart
But in the Pangs of Death will prove
It wander'd but to fix your Love

Flute

H. Roberts Sculp.

Cloe Pursuid.

Set by Mr. Rufsel.

When Cloe by your Slave pursuid Why should you fly so fast? So

the Strayd Faun 'ith' path less Wood To her lost Dam makes hast

Each noise a-larms and all things add new Terrors to her Fear She

starts at ev---ry dan--cing Shade each Breath of singing Air

With evry Leaf each Bush that shakes
Throughout the murm'ring Grove
Her Sympathetick Heart partakes
She trembles as they move.
Fond Maid unlike the Wolf and Boar
I hunt not to destroy
My utmost Prey would be no more
Than you might give with Joy.

Urg'd on by soft and gentle Love
I harmlefsly pursue
Your flight to me may cruel prove
But not my Chace to you
Cease idle Dreams of fancyd Harm
To Childish fears Trapans
Leave running to thy Mothers Arms
Who now art fit for Mans.

Flute

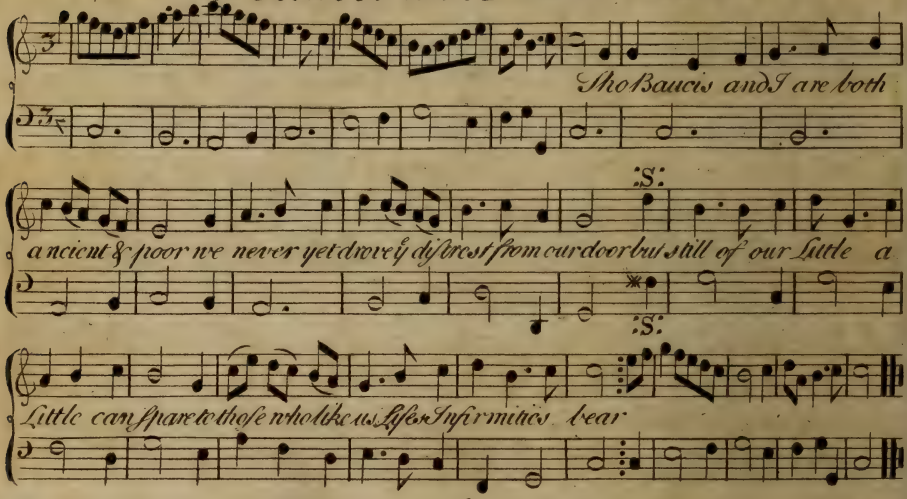
A Song to a favourite Air

Petty M.r Morgan

The Meads & the groves in fresh ver dure shone gay & Philomel chanted her love labour'd Song When the Nymphs & the Swains in their brightest array to chuse a May-Lady mov'd sportive a long, each Youth burnt with ardour his Nymph to create, each Nymph w.th soft glance first caught her fond Mate and each one im patiently waited her fate

I Now vain were their wishes Maria appear'd
Like Beauty's fair Goddess incircled with Love
With Graces attractive each heart she endear'd
In Majesty passing the Consort of Jove
The Swains round her moving glad homage did pay
The Nymphs with wreathed Garlands no longer delay
To Crown Beauty's paragon Queen of the May

Baucis and Philemon


Sho Baucis and I are both
:S:
ancient & poor we never yet drove dy distrest from our door but still of our Little a
:S:
Little can spare to those who like us Lifes Infirmities bear

2

Come come my good Friends let us go in together
A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather
Our Hearts they are great tho our Means are but small
You're heartly welcome and thats best of all

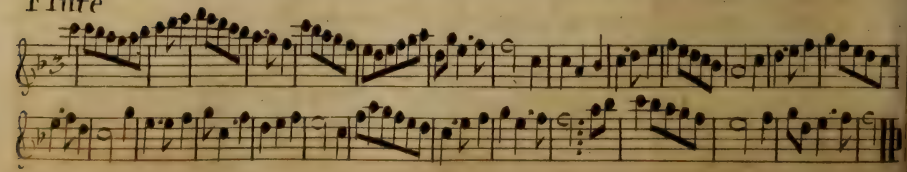
3

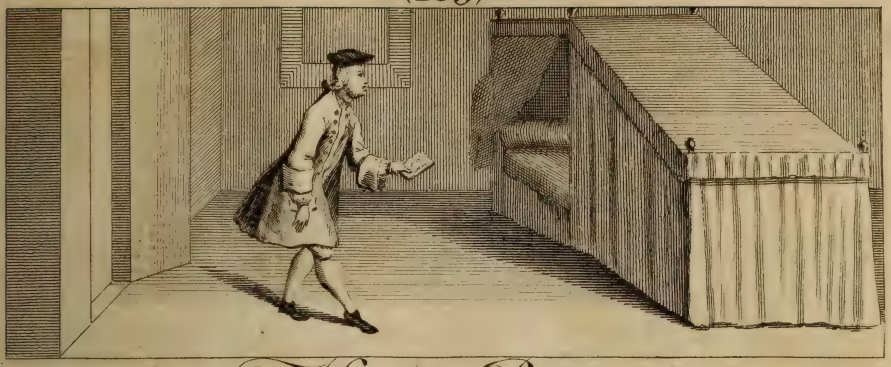
Youre welcome at our humble Board to partake
Of a Jugg of good Ale and a good Barley Cake
A good roaring Fire as high as your Nose
And cleanly warm Bed your old Limbs to repose

4

We know no Ambition we have no Estate
Nor Porter to worry the Poor from our Gate
We earn what we Spend and we pay as we go
It were not a miss if the Rich would do So.

Flute





Happy Paper

Set by Mr. Holcombe

Go happy Paper gently Steal and un der neath her Pillow

:S:

Lye There in Soft Dreams my Love re veal that love which I must

Still con ceal and wrapt in awfull Silence dye

2

Should flames be doomd thy hapless fate
To Atoms thou would'st quickly turn
My Pains may bear a longer Date
For Should I live & Should She Hate
In endless Torments I Should burn

4

Of all ỹ pleas'd my ravish'd Eye
Her Beauty Should Supply ỹ Place
Bold Raphaels Strokes & Titians Dye
Should but in vain presume to vye
With her inimitable Face

3

See fair Aurelia She has Charm
Might in a Hermit's Breast Desire
To attain ỹ Heav'n that's in her Arms
I'd quit ỹ Worlds alluring Charms
And to a Cell content retire

5

No more I'd wish for Phoebus Rays
To gild the Object of my Sight
Much less ỹ Tapers feinter Blaze
Her Eyes Should measure out my days
And when She slept it Should be Night

Flute

A Favourite Song

Set by Mr. Oswald

Should love sincere devoid of artless Joy or Life bestow, Because if hand goes with if heart must

that create our Woe, Tho' Hymens Torch burns often dim tis not poor Hymen's, fault he never design'd his

Nymphs & Swains shou'd traffick or be bought Should traffick or be bought.

2

But Pluto's Foe to gen'rous Love,
His Ruin Curse and Bane,
Resolv'd that Gold shou'd only move
The youthful Nymph & Swain
Thus Riches Joyns unequal Pair
Neglecting care and Rule
The Ugly with the blooming Fair
The witty with the Fool
The witty with &c.

3

Let Sense & merit fix if Choice
Good Nature too should aid
Attend to Truths unerring Voice
And let not wealth pervade
A Partner thus by reason chose
Your tenderness repays
No Chains no Fetters will impose
But sooths your Nights & Days
But sooths &c.

Love and Reason.

Set by Mr. Oswald

Ye heav'nly Pow'rs who guard the

Fair, Let Celia's charms imploy y^r care may each sleet hour to her be blest & may no fears her mind invest

Direct her to receive y^r Love which Heav'n & she must needs approve for at loves shrine was there decreed for her my

ten der Heart should bleed. For her my ten der Heart should bleed.

2

Check not my Fair what Heav'n inspires —
That Flame which burns with chast desires. —
Where Joy n where Love alone preside
O'er Lifes dull Scenes to be our guide
Where Honour Truth & Virtue Joyn'd
At once improve & cheer the mind
There Social Pleasures ever last. —
And mutual glide from Breast to Breast
And mutual &c.

3

Hast then my beauteous Fair to Crown
My Bliss & make my Joy your own
Shun what obstructs kind Heav'ns design
In making lovely Celia mine.
Let Love each rising Fear controul
Divest each Care & fill your Soul
Then mutual Bliss shall well each breast
Till prest'd with Age we sink to rest
Till prest'd &c.

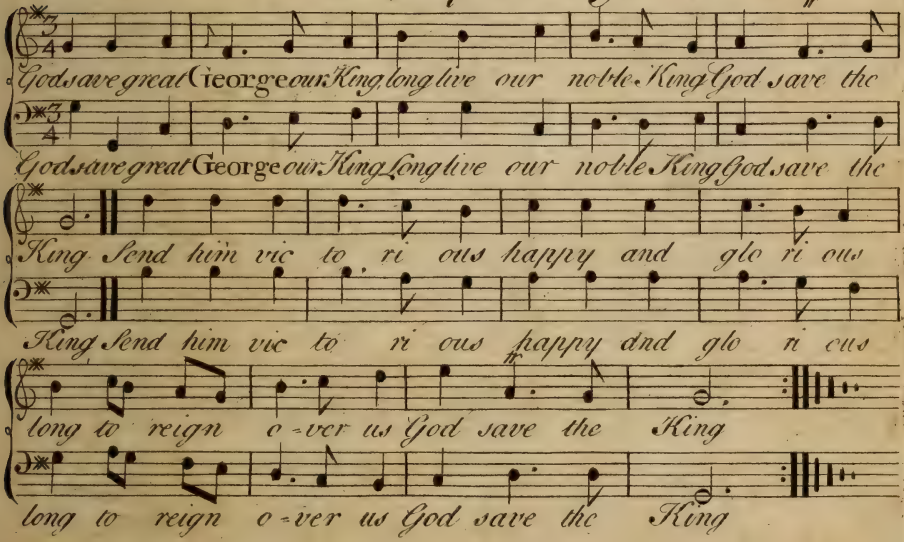
Walleys Complaint

Oh Who is me poor Walley Cryd See honi Im Wasted to a span. My
Heart I Left when first I Spyd That Lovely Smirking Milkm.d Nan Im
Grown so weak the Gentlest Breeze of Dusty Rogers Whining fann can
Waft me ove yon Beachey Trees and all for the Sake of my Smirking Nan

The Ale Wife misses me of late The ces Dick of y Green y Dirty Joon
I us'd to tope an a Hearty Cann Last Sunday to my Mistress Ran
But I can neither Eat nor Drink He Stole a Kiss I Knock'd him doon
But what is Bak'd & Brew'd by Nan Which Hugely pleas'd my Smirk'd Nan
The Baker Bakes the finest Bread But Oh the Roaring Soldier Comes
He Uses y Flower & leaves y Bran With his Ran tan tara ra ra ra ran
Like Bran to me is evry other Maid Her Coo's She quits for y Noise of Drum
And when Come paird to my Smirk'd Nan Oh Woe is me I've lost Poor Nan

FLUTE

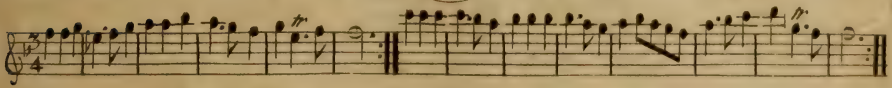
A Loyal Song


God save great George our King long live our noble King God save the
God save great George our King Long live our noble King God save the
King Send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
King Send him vic to ri ous happy and glo ri ous
long to reign o-ver us God save the King
long to reign o-ver us God save the King

O Lord our God arise
Scatter his Enemies
And make them fall
Confound their Politicks
Frustrate their Knavish tricks
On the our Hopes we fix
God save us all

Thy choicest Gifts in Store
On him be pleas'd to pour
Long may he reign
May he defend our Laws
And ever give us Cause
With Heart & Voice to Sing
God Save the King

Flute



Mutual Love

Set by Mr Larken

How few amongst the Thousands Pairs, By Wedlock doomd to constant cares, Are fit the Yoke to

bear Are fit the Yoke to bear The Husband claims his Sov'reign right The Wife runs counter

out of Sight, And does her Vows forswear And does her Vows for Swear

2

But some there are whom mutual Love
Does prompt with free Consent to move
Submissive to their Fate, Submissive &c.
Thrice happy is that prudent He
Thrice happy is that prudent She
Blest with so kind a Mate: Blest &c.

3

Should I & CELIA ever join
I would be hers and She'd be mine
For we two would be one For &c.
Complying with each others Will
Of gen'rous Love would take our Fill
Our Joys should ne'er be done; Ours&

Flute

A Song Sung by Mr Lowe

Set by Mr Morgan

Sym.

When mighty Sol at noon of

day with sultry beams began to play I wander'd thro' a verdant Glade Seeking ye most ob

liging Shade Seeking ye most obliging Shade where on an easy Moss reclind I

Chloe sleeping chanc'd to find.

The Trees Ambitious see me to be
With meeting Arms her Canopy
A Brook hard by did softly creep
As if it fear'd to break her Sleep & kiss &c
Whose Streams transparent smooth & Clear
Of her Chast mind the Emblems were

The sight so Charming could ye Sun
Have seen & had stopp't to Gaze upon
Down by the Nymph he softly lay'd
And did at length my self perswade And did
So Steal a Kiss & win the Gloves
And who my boldness disapproves

Flute

Colin's Description of Vauxhall

Set by Mr Gladwin

O Mary's soft in Feature, I've been at dear Vauxhall no Paradise is
Sweeter not that they Eden call. At Night such new Vagaries, such gay &
harmless Sport: All look'd like Giant Fairies, And this their Monarchs Court

Methought when first I enter'd
Such Splendors round me shone
Into a World I ventured
Where rose another Sun
Whilst Musick never cloying
As Sky Larks sweet I hear
The Sounds I'm still enjoying
They'll always Sooth my Ear

Hear Paintings sweetly glowing
Where ever our Glances fall
Here Colours Life bestowing
Bedeck this Green wood Hall
The King there dubs a Farmer
There Johnny Doxy loves
But my Delights the Charmer
Who Steals a Pair of Gloves

As still amaz'd I'm Straying
O'er this inchanted Grove
I Spy a Harper playing
All in his proud Alcove
I doff my Hat desireing
He'd tune up Buxom Joan
But what was I admiring
Od-zooks a man of Stone

But now the Tables spreading
They all fall too with Glee
Not even at Squires fine Wedding
Such Dainties did I See
I long'd poor Starveling Rover
But none heed Country Elves
These Folk with Lace dawb'd over
Love only dear themselves

Thus whilst mid Joys abounding
As Grasshoppers they're gay
At Distance Crouds surrounding
The Lady of the May
The Man i'th Moon inclin'd fully
Soft twinkling thro the Trees
As the inquisitive please him highly
So taste Delights like These

The Mutual Kiss

Affetto

Set by Mr Oswald

Cœlia by those Smiling Graces Which my panting Bosom warm, By the

Heaven of thy Em-braces By thy wondrous power to Charm By those

Soft be-witching Glances Which my inmost be-som move, By those

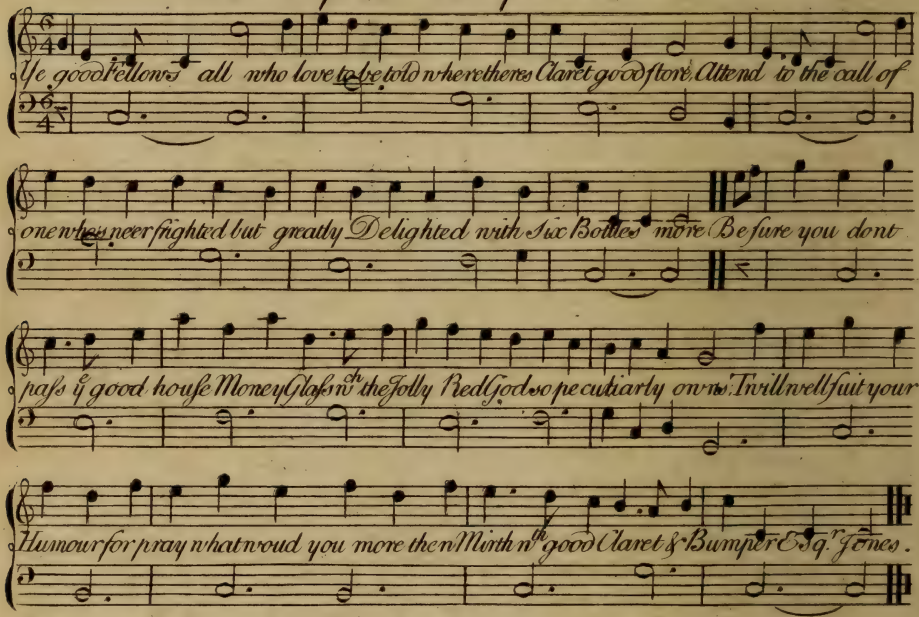
Lips whose Kiss en-trances She and She a-lone I love

By thy Godlike Art of loving
Cœlia with a Blush replies
By thy heavenly power of moving
All my Soul to Sympathize
By those eager soft Caresses
By those Arms around me thrown
By that Look which Truth expresses
My fond Heart is all thy own

Thus with glowing Inclination
They indulge y tender Bliss
And to bind the lasting Passion
Seal it with a mutual Kiss
Close in fond Embraces lying
They together seem to grow
Such Supream Delight enjoying
As true Lovers only know

Flute

Bumper Esquire Jones.


Ye good Fellows all who love to be told where there's Claret good store Attend to the call of
one who ne'er frighted but greatly Delighted with Six Bottles more Be sure you dont
pass y^e good house Money Glass w^th the Jolly Red God so peculiarly ours I will well suit your
Humour for pray what would you more then Mirth w^th good Claret & Bumper Esq^r Jones.

Ye Lovers who pine
For Lasses as y oft prove as cruel as fair
Who whimpers and whine,
For Lillies and Roses,
With Eyes Lips and Noses,
Or Tip of an Ear
Come hither I'll shew ye
How Phillis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs & such groans
For what Mortal so Stupid
As not to quit Cupid
When called by good Claret Bumpers Esq^r Jones

Ye Poets who write,
And brag of y^e drink fam'd Helicons Brook
Tho' all you get by t,
Is a Dinner oft times
In Reward for your Rhymes
With Humphry the Duke
Learn Bacchus to follow
And quit your Apollo
Forsake all y^e Muses those Senseless Old Crones
Our Jingling of Glasses,
Your Rhyming Surpasses,
When crown'd w^th good Claret & Bumpers Esq^r Jones

Ye Soldiers so stout,
With Plenty of Oaths tho' no Plenty of Coin,
Who make such a Rout
Of all your Commanders
Who Serv'd us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne,
Come leave off your Rattling
Of Sieging and Battling
And know your old Mett to sleep in whole Bones
Were you sent to Gibralter
Your Note you'd soon alter
And wish for good Claret & Bumper Esq.r Jones.

Ye Lawyers so just
Be't Cause what is will who so learnedly plead
How worthy of Trust
You know black from White
Yet prefer Wrong to Right
As you're chanc'd to be fee'd
Leave musty Reports
And forsake the Kings Courts
Where dulness & Discord have set up their Throne
Burn Talkeild & Ventris
With all your damn'd Entries
And away with y.e Claret a Bumper Esq.r Jones

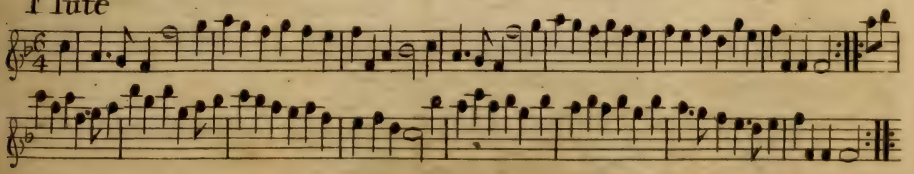
Ye Clergy so wise
Who Mysteries profound can demonstrate clear
How worthy to rise
You preach once a Week
But your Sythes never Seek
A Love once in a Year
Come here without failing
And leave off your railing
Gainst Bishops providing for dull Sinful Drones
Says the Text to divine
What is Life without Wine
Then away with y.e Claret a Bumper Esq.r Jones

Ye Physical Tribe
Whose knowledge consists in hard Words & grimace
Whene'er you prescribe
Have at your Devotion
Pills Bolus or Potion
Be what will the Case
Pray where's the Need
To purge Blister and Bleed
When sailing your selves if whole Faculty Owns
That the Forms of Old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good Claret & Bump.r Esq.r Jones

Ye Fox Hunters eke
That follow y.e Call of y.e Horn & y.e Hound
Who your Ladies forsake
Before they're awake
To beat up the Break
Where the Vermin is found

Leave Piper and Blueman
Shrill Dutchess and Treman
No Musick is found in such dissonant Tones
Would you ravish your Ears
With the Songs of the Spheres
Hark away to y.e Claret a Bumper Esq.r Jones

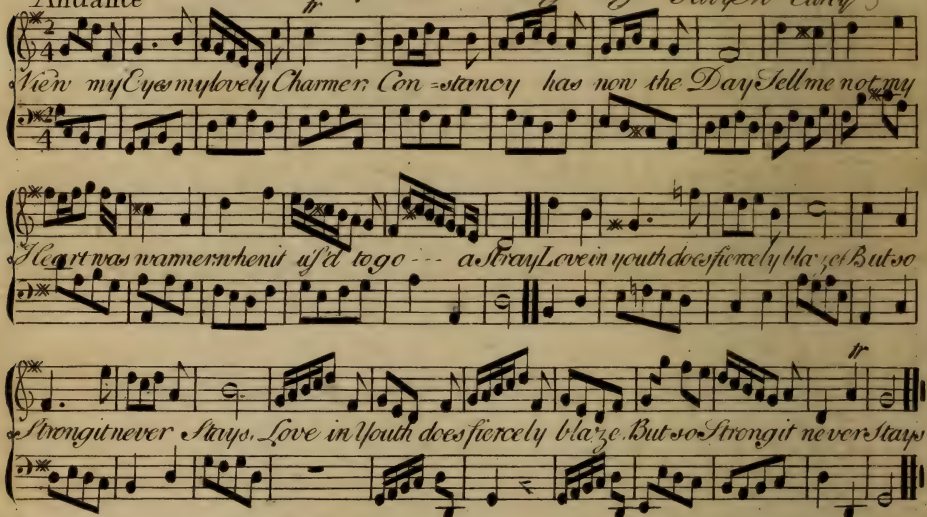
Flute



Reason for Ranging

Andante

Set by Mr Carey

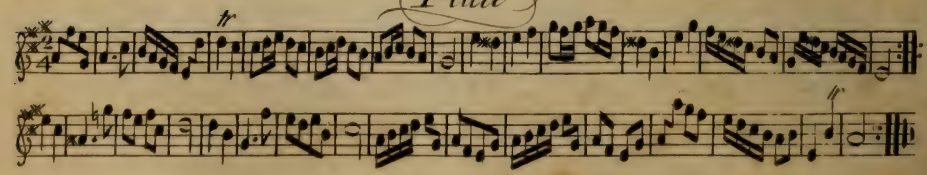

View my Eyes my lovely Charmer Con=stancy has now the Day Tell me not my
Heart was warmer when it us'd to go --- a Stray Love in youth does fiercely blaze But so
Strong it never Stays. Love in Youth does fiercely blaze But so Strong it never Stays

If I follow'd every Creature
Sure the fault may be forgiven
'Tis the frailty of our nature
Who can change the will of Heaven
Tho the Object might be new
Yet to Love I Still was true

Cupid Guardian of my heart.
Let it loose to range a while,
In each Eye it found a Dart.
And engaged by every Smile.
Thus it was for you design'd.
Formed by practice to his mind.

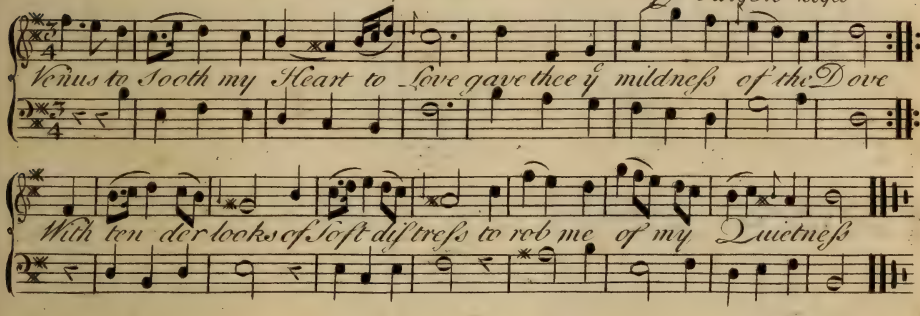
Cupid to me ever kind
Kept the purest of the fire
Dross consumed my heart refind
Made it flame with soft desire
Such a Flame as will be true
Such the God reserv'd for you

Flute



A Favourite Song

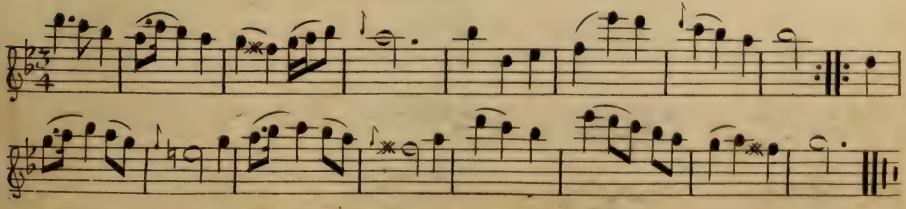
Set by Mr Boyce


Venus to sooth my Heart to Love gave thee ye mildness of the Dove
With tender looks of soft distress to rob me of my Quietness

Appollo with Her does conspire
And lends thee both his Skill & Lyre
Compelld to serve by joint decree
In vain I struggle to get free

I call on Reason to resist
But she refuses to assist
Nor dares oppose the mighty odds
Since She is Human They are Gods

FLUTE



The Indifferent Lover

Set by Mr. Oswald

What means this niceness now of late, Since time & Truth does prove, Such distance may con-
-sist w^th State But never will w^th Love; Tis neither cunning or disdain if does such ways allow. The
first is safe if last is vain, may neither happen you may neither happen you

For if it be to draw me on
You over act your Part
And if it be to have me gone
You need not half that Art
For if you chance a Look to cast
That seems to be a Frown
I'll give you all if Love that's past
The Rest shall be my own
The Rest shall be my own

Flute

Advice to Sylvia

Set by Sig.r Tortoria

Sylvia

wilt thou waste thy Prime, Stranger to y.e Joys of Love thou hast yo.th? thats y.e Time, Ev'ry Minute

:S:

to improve Round thee wilt thou never hear Little wanton Girles & Boys Sweetly Sounding

:S:

in thy Ear Sweetly sounding in thy Ear Infant Play & Mothers Joys. Sy:

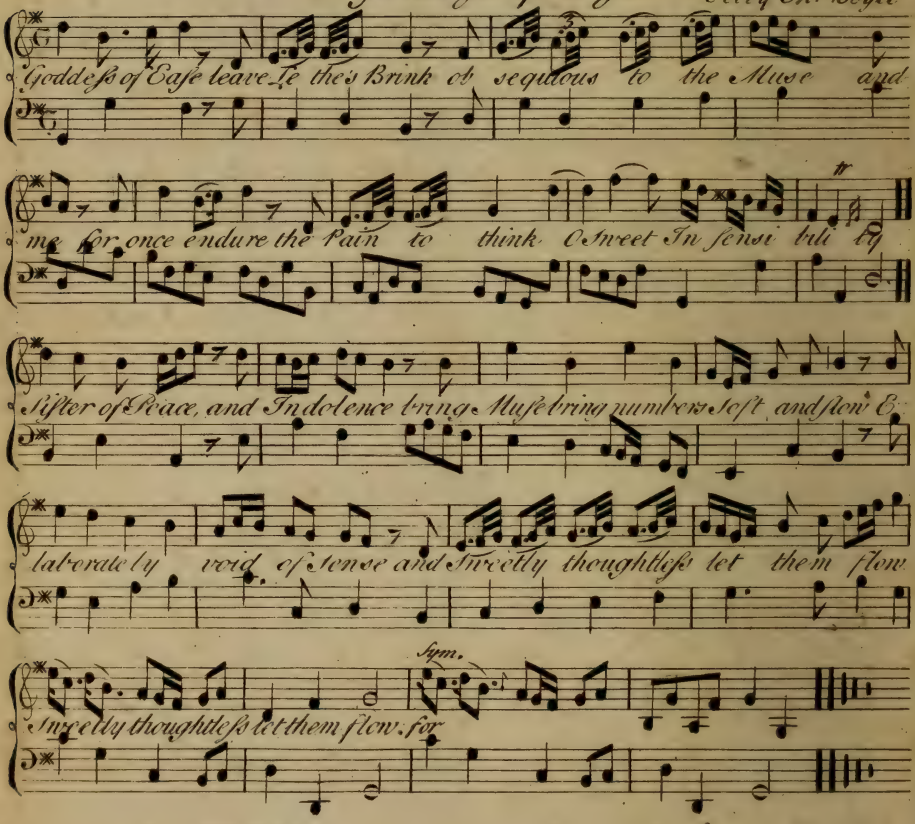
Only view that little Dove,
Softly cooing to its Mate;
As a farther Proof of Love,
See her for his Kisses wait;
Hark the charming Nightangale
As it flies from Spray to Spray
Sweetly tunes an amrous Tale Sweetly &c
I love I love it Strives to Say

Could I to thy Soul reveal,
But at least a Thousandth Part,
Of those pleasures Lovers feel,
In a Mutual change of Heart
Then repenting wouldst thou say
Virgin Fears from hence remove
All y.e Time is thrown away All &c.
That we cannot spend in Love.

:S:

Goddess of Ease

Set by Mr Boyce


Goddess of Ease leave Ye thes Brink ob sequious to the Muse and
me for once endure the Pain to think Sweet Insensi bili ty
Sister of Peace, and Indolence bring Muse bring numbers soft and slow &
laberately void of Sense and Sweetly thoughtless let them flow
Sym.
Sweetly thoughtless let them flow: for

2

Near to some Cowslips painted Mead
There let me Doze away dull hours
And under me let Flora Spread
A Sopha of her Softest Flowers
There thu mel, your notes you breath
Forth from behind ye neighbouring Pine
Whilst murmers of the Stream beneath
Shall flow in unison with thine

3

For Thee, O Idleness the woes
Of Life we patiently endure
Thou art ye Source, whence labour flows
We Shun Thee but to make thee Sure
For who'd endure Wars toil & waste
Or who tho arise thundring of ye Sea
But to be Idle at the last
And find a pleasing End in Thee

Fill each Bowl

Set by Mr Galliard

Fill each Bowl with flowing measure Till it Sparkles o'er y^e Brim: The Grave of

Care & Spring of pleasure, To them y^e Brains in Nectar swim. Fill your

veins with generous Wine: That's woman alone refine & raise mor.....tals

And raise mortals to Divin. Crown with Beauty all our Glass as Beauty best our pleasures

guides: Give us but wine & blooming Lasses, Take back ye Gods, all y^e gifts to Jove

Flute

Fill me a Bowl

Spirituoso

Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capatious Soul

Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capatious

Soul Vast as my thirst is let it have depth enough to be my grave

I mean the Grave of all my Care for I de sign to burry't there

Let it of Silver fashion'd be worthy of

Set to Musick by Mr Corfe

Wine worthy of me Worthy to adorn the

Spheres worthy to a dorn the Spheres as that bright Cup as that bright Cup a

mongst my Stars Fill me a Bowl a mighty Bowl large as my Capatious Soul

Flute

The Lukewarm Lover

Largo

Setty by Mr. Oswald

Whilst I gaze on Chloe trembling, straight her Eyes my Fate declare, when She Smiles I fear dissembling, when she frowns I then despair jealous of some rival Lover if a wandring Look She give, Fain I would resolve to leave her but can sooner cease to live

Why should I conceal my Passion,
Or the Torments I endure
I'll disclose my Inclination
An ruful distance yields no Cure
Sure it is not in her Nature
To be cruel to her Slave
She is too divine a Creature
To destroy what She can Save

Happy's he whose Inclination
Warms but with a gentle heat
Never flies up to a Passion
Love's a Torment if too great
When the Storm is once blown over
Soon the Ocean quiet grows
But a constant faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repose

Sportive Zephyrus

Set by Mr. Howard

Sportive Zephyrus fondly blow ing Spreading Odours through the Air

Blooming Life on Groves be stow ing: to Vauxhall my Delia bear.

Flora cant more sweetly bless Thee Playing, Straying round her Charms

Then when Delias Smiles address me Sigh ing dy ing in her Arms

Sportive Zephyrus fondly blow ing: Spreading Odours through the Air

Blooming Life on Groves be stow ing: To Vaux hall my Delia bear

The Lady of the May

Set by Mr Corfe

Sy

Moderato

Pretty Wanton come away Love is month is always May, long have I toolong to say, Iud if Wanton thing to play.

But alas & well o day when I sue you cry me nay when I sue you cry me nay To requite my lingring stay

Pay me nowr never pay Nature smiles & all is ga - - - - - - - - - - - - - - y. All is deckd in best array

Sig.

Pretty Wanton come away Let us love the Month of May

Little Wanton let us rove
Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove,
There to hear the Turtle Dove
Cooing Sonnets to its Love:
Ev'ry Turtle equals Jove,
Tho the God for Beauty Strove
Let us then our time improve,
Sonnets may your Scorn remove
Coyness doth not thee behove
Wear the Wreath a Shepherd wove
Little Wanton let us rove,
Thro' the fragrant Myrtle Grove

Pry'thee Wanton come away
Slight not Love with Cold Delay,
Ev'ry Field is green and gay
Ev'ry Hauthorn is crownd with May
Jocund Birds on ev'ry Spray,
Warble out the live-long Day
Ev'ry Swain in Shepherds Grey
Tunes his Jay'rite Roundelay
Tender Lambkins Sportive Stray
Blossom buds their Sweet Display
Come my Wanton come away
Let us love the Month of May

To Coelia

pia. Set by Mr Crome

Slow. Why Coelia this Waving & doubting of

mind Why one minute cruel & one Minute kind: The season for Love is to short for delay, And

Beauty's a Flower if Soon fades away And Beauty's a flower if Soon fades away

Gay Hopes and warm Hours are to fleeting to loose,
And they are the Blossoms each Lover must use
Unsettled by Nature they quickly take Wing
They die in the Autumn & bloom but in Spring. They die &c

That Air, and that Shape so adapted for Love,
Those Eyes & those Features delusive will prove,
My Feelings so tender with Time will expire,
And if Ague of Age extinguish my Fire. And the &c.

Oh! think then, dear Fair one, resolve me in haste
The moments so precious were Treason to waste,
To Fears bid adieu from these Whims us be free
And let, as design'd Love & Beauty agree. And let &c

Flute

Slow.

Florella and Chloe

Set by Mr. Worgan

Florella lovely Nymph forbear to cloud a face like thine, with Frowns ye nought but
Smiles should wear to please & bless mankind Sym.
With envious haste do Time and Care will taint the liveliest Bloom, then do not by ill judgment
marr What will be lost too soon, What will be lost too soon. Sym.

See with what pleasure ev'ry Swain
The chearfull Chloe Views
See with joy they wear the Chain,
All pleas'd whom She subdues
Tho' fair her Face, divinely fair
Yet she more Conquest owes,
To that good Nature that appears,
In ev'ry thing She does.

And that will please when every joy
That Beauty gave is Dead,
And friendly smooth ye wrinked Brow
Of Ages Hoary Head
Then give to Smiles & Mirth ye Hour
Enjoy the present Store;
Defraud not Beauty of ye Powr
That soon will be no more

A New Song

Set by Mr. Oswald

Sym.

How long Eliza must I Languish and waste my Youth in tender Anguish How long thus drag out Life in vain Sym. Consider Time is swift... ly flying Consider: ev' ry Day is dying And never will re... turn a gain And never will re... turn a gain. Sq.

O let not Pride and foolish Fashion,
And too much Prudence starve my Passion.
Consult sometimes the gen'rous Breast:
There is the Seat of real Pleasure;
There Love creates the noblest Treasure
'Tis Solid Wisdom to be blest: 'Tis Solid &c

A Favourite Cantata. Sung by

Ye tender Pow'rs how shall I move, A

careless maid that laughs at Love how shall I move Ye tender Pow'rs a careless Maid that

laughs at Love Cupid to my Succour fly: Cupid to my

Succour fly: Ye tender Pow'rs how shall I move A careless Maid y laughs at Love: Ye

tender Pow'rs how shall I move a careless Maid y laughs at Love Cupid to my Succour fly:

tr Ad?

ft y Cupid to my Succour fly

M^r Love at Vauxhall

Come with all thy thrilling darts thy melting Flames to Soften Hearts Thy

melting Flames to Soften Hearts. Thy melting Flames to Soften Hearts. Conquer for me or I die. Ise :S: :S:

Recit

Thus in a melancholy Shade A pensive Lover to his aid Invoked the God of warm desire

Allegro ma non troppo

Love heard him and to gain the Maid did this successfull thought inspire

Take her Humour smile be gay. In her

favrite Follies join Thats the Charm will make her thine Thats the Charm will make her thine

Set to Musick by Mr. Morgan

That's ỹ Charm will make her thine — Take her Humour.

Smile be gay, In her fav'rite Follies join, That's ỹ Cha..... rm will make her thine Take her Humour

Smile be gay Take her Humour Smile be gay, In her fa..... v'rite Follies join That's ỹ

fy:

Charm will make her thine That's ỹ Charm will make her thine That's ỹ Charm will make her thine

fy:

Cast thy Serious Airs away, Freely courting Toying Sporting Sooth her Hours with

Am'rous Play, Freely courting Toying Sporting So..... th her Hours with Am'rous Play.

On a Lady being Drownd

Set by J. Leighington

Slow

Fast by the

Margin of the Sea and on the damp & Shell lip shore

Sym.

A

Swain in pensive Posture lay and thus his hard misfhap deplore

his hard misfhap deplore.

Sym.

O cruel Fate, Ah! hapless Hour
When I and Celia sail'd the Deep
When hush'd by some deluding Pow'r
The Winds & Waves were laud'd Sleep
The Winds were laud'd Sleep

Too soon alas the peaceful Scene,
Chang'd to a Storm the Tempest roar
The Sky look'd black & smoaking main,
Dash'd its fierce Waves against the Shoar:
Fierce Waves against the Shoar.

In vain then my Heart wept drops of Blood
And like the Ship was rent in twain
When Celia founder'd in the Flood
Sunk, Struggl'd, rose, & Sunk again.
Sunk, rose, and Sunk again.

Thrice did I plunge beneath the Waves
To catch the sinking panting Fair
Thrice made a vain attempt to save,
Shriek'd I rav'd in mad Despair
I rav'd in mad Despair

How fain would Damon then have dy'd
And hurry'd to the World beneath,
To seek his Love, and by her Side
Lament her too untimely Death
her too untimely Death

The happy Swain

Set by Mr Worgan

As Damon in a Summers day Beneath a shade, began his Lay, The Waters murmuring

:S:

pass'd along Well pleas'd to hear their Damons song His Theme was love for

:S:

Delias Charms That won ye Shepherd to her arms Had won ye Shepherd to her Arms

How bless't am I who only know,
The Joys of Love that ever flow
Dear Scenes of Pleasures now appear
And Love is all a Damons Care
Hear then ye warbling Birds & Groves,
That Delias kind & Damon Loves.

Delia as Morn is true and Fair,
Sweet as the Rose and Violet are:
Our Hearts in mutual bliss shall Live,
No more can bounteous Nature give:
And every Tree our Passion tell
That shepherds lived & Love so well

FLUTE

Sy:

:S:

:S:

Sy:

A new Song—

Sym. Set by Mr Crookenden

Allo

When with good Wine &

Tables crown'd, And full Bumpers move around

How briskly does the Spirits

flow the Countenance how love ly glow

How briskly

does the Spirits flow, the Countenance how lovely glo

n The Countenance how lovely glow.

Beauties may boast the Charms of Paint
Those Graces to the Eyes are faint
Nought but the Bottle Charms supplys
And gives a Lustre that never dies

Roger and Sue a Ballad

Andante

One morn sweet Sue, a pail or tow of water dren[in] slipshod Shoe, when Ice was newly fro'zen; when

falling from the Pump slap dash upon her Rump a great & mighty bump swell'd on her Buttocks plump't

smarts it burns it akes by turns, all over I'm so sore she loud did roar I ne'en shall more my ware restore to

Chamas it was wont be fore; alas, oh cruel curs'ed diſti ny would'st Devil had the Pump ſor

me Young Hodge who wbrkd hard by her from pig Skye chanc'd to Spy her, which

rais'd the Clowns de sire. Soon as he heard her roar & yelp he ran & offer'd her his help; be

To a Favourite Air by Sig.r Hasse.

gone she cry'd you Saucy wh[illegible] & leave me: but for this Sad disaster I sure must have a Plaister then

if you can't relove me Oh straight I'l cure begin. Oh Roger! Roger quick Oh Roger! Rog.r quick. Oh quick y.e"

Salve apply M.rs Suckys soon will faint & die. Oh quick your Salve apply or Sucky soon will faint and die

For the German Flute

Female Fortitude

Sym — Set by Mr Rusbel

Andante

Young Daphne brightest Creature that ever did Heart ensnare, Was blest with all that Nature could lavish

on the Fair; could lavish on the Fair For her each Youth did languish & told their amrous smart; What

Shes She mock'd their anguish, yes Strephon won her heart yes Strephon won her heart

The Stripling Swore, for ever
Heed true and constant prove
He was a youth so clever
That she repaid his Love
But Death their joys resenting
Of Strephon made a Prize
O Powrs unrelenting
To close the Shepheds Eyes

Now Sobbing, pining crying,
The Beauteous Widow ran:
And vow'd in endless Sighing,
To weep her constant Man:
But Coryden the Rover
To Court her did prepare
And thought another Lover
Alight not displease ye Fair

With Boldness he advances,
The Fair his Love denies,
Still irresistless Glances,
Shot flashing from his Eyes
With Oaths & Vows assailing
He wipes each Tear swoln cheek
Untill his Love prevailing
He Weds her in a Week

A Favourite Song

See Stella as your Health re turns all Nature does her Charms re new

Phœbus with greater Lustre Burns who veils his Face in Grief for you

No Longer Iris Sheds her Tears the Zephyrs Softer Breezes Blow

Flora in all her Pride ap pears & Streams in Dimpling gladness Flow

Wonder not then too charming Maid
To see your Shyness Sympathize
Excess of joy has Love betray'd
And I no longer can disguise
Not Adam when in Eden blest
Did a more rapturous Transport prove
When the fair Partner of his Breast
First met his Eyes & taught him Love

Flute

The Fickle Swain

Sy:

Set by Mr Hodson

Affetuoso

From Clime to Clime my Heart does rove Smels evry Sweet yet

dares not love Smels evry Sweet yet dares not love With wanton

Beauty of-ten fird But - ah! how vain when'eer admir'd

I sing I Toy with ev'ry Art,
Invade the tender Virgins Heart.
In gentle murmers tell my Pain.
But Tears are Idle, Sons are vain.

With strick Storm I'll treat the Sex
And ne'er with Love my Heart perplex
Till Cupid send some generous Fair
To Ease my Grief & end my Care.

Ye Gods: am I the man alone
Of Love & Beauty doomd the Scorn
Must Sordid Gold the mind controul
Ens lave the will, & bribe the Soul.

As thus the pensive Sylvan stood
And sighing view'd the fluent Flood
The Tritons gaz'd to hear him mourn
And thus repli'd from vocal Horn

Forbear Dear Youth the plaintive Song
Nor blindly censure Fate with Wrong
Tis fickle Strephon coldly flies
And constant Amaryllis dies

Flute

Celia

Set by Mr Crookenden

'Tis Celia in her Garden Strayd, Secure nor Dreamt of harm: A

Bee approaching Lovely Maid & rested on her Arm

She Curious insect thither flew: To taste the tempting bloom: But

with a thousand sweets invites, It sounds a Suddon doom.

Her nimble hand of Life bereav'd
The darling little Thing
But first the Snowy Arm receivid
And felt the painfull Sting
Oh would y^t short Liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to pitty move
And teach her to regard the heart
She fires with endless Love

Flute

The Dream on Anacreon

Set by D^r Hoighington

Balletto

When gentle Sleep had charm'd my Breast &
lull'd my Senses all to rest th^t my deluded Eyes I seem'd I seem'd to view Anacreon Jolly
dream'd A Garland on his Head he wore & in his Hand a Lyre he bore
Harmonious Sounds around him broke in melting strains th^t ere he Spoke

And as he touch'd the dancing Strings
The Loves that waited clap'd their Wings
Old he appear'd but Silver Hair
That made it made him old had made him fair
His Beauties like the Roses Shine
His Smiles were chearful as his Wine
A Cupid led the reeling Bard
At once his Conduct and his Guard

His Wreath he took his Wreath that Spread
Fresh blooming Glorys round his Head
And with a Smile so said he receive receive
The noblest Present I can give
With joy I crown'd my homage paid
Bequeath'd the Present which he made
The fragrant Flowers breath'd sweets divine
That Smelt of him and he of Wine

Then gnadvis'd with speedless hast
The Chaplett on my Brows I placd.
The Chaplett warm'd with gay desire
Breath'd gentle gentle Flames of Love inspire
Now in my Blood Anacreon Reigns
Love and Anacreon fill my Veins
To his soft Strains my Passion move
Untill I'm wholely lost in Love

FINIS